

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,224—Vol. XLVIII.]

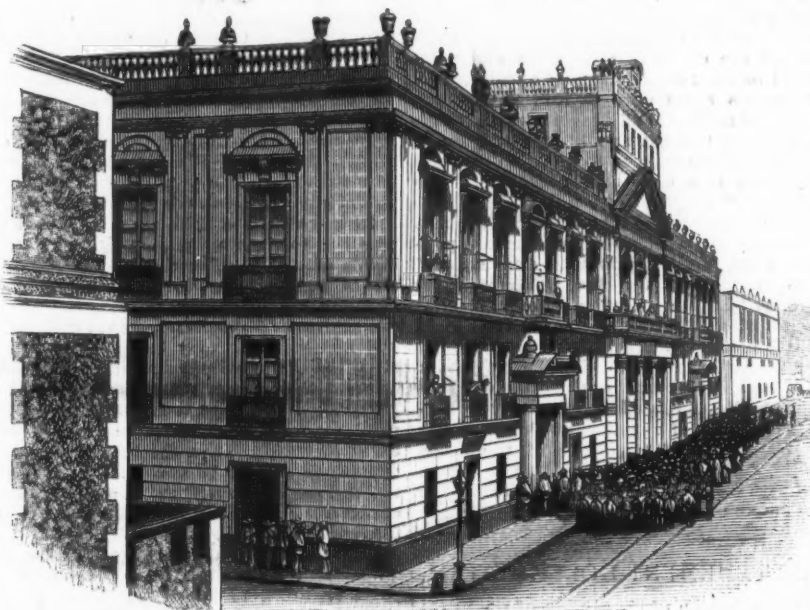
NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1879.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]

## THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

### VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION TO MEXICO.

BEFORE the curtain rings up upon the Mexico of Porfirio Diaz, I mean to take one little peep at the Mexitli of Montezuma. Mexico's historical interest belongs to the Montezumas. The Aztecs, or ancient Mexicans, after their migration from the north, wandered for a considerable time in the Mexican Valley, till in 1325 they halted in the southwest borders of the Lake of Tezcuco, and there beheld an eagle perched upon the stem of a nopal, engaged in devouring a serpent. The omen was pronounced auspicious, and here they forthwith founded the place called Tenochtitlan or "the nopal on a stone." Its name of Mexico was subsequently derived from that of their god Mexitli. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century a city of stone and lime had superseded reeds and rushes, and when on the evening of November 7th, 1519, its long lines of glittering edifices first met the eyes of Cortez and his followers, "it looked," says Prescott, "like a thing of fairy creation rather than the work of mortal hands." On their entry into Mexico, next day, the Spaniards found fresh cause for admiration in the grandeur of the city and the superior style of its architecture. The city was nine miles in circumference, the number of its houses was

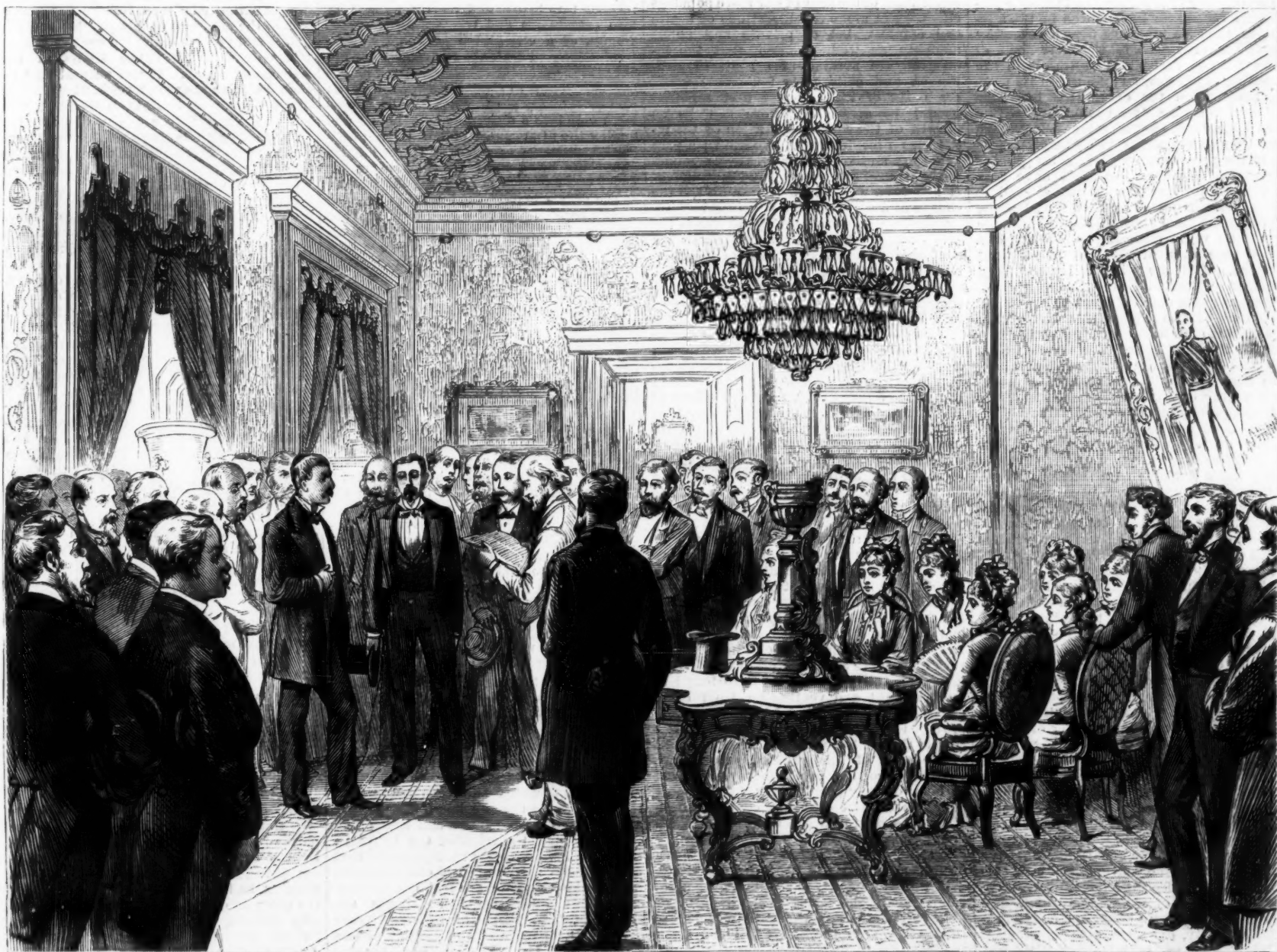


THE SCHOOL OF MINES, IN WHICH THE AMERICAN EXHIBITS WERE DISPLAYED.

60,000, and of its inhabitants probably 500,000. The large streets were intersected by canals crossed by bridges. The Palace of Montezuma, near the centre of the city, was a pile of low, irregular stone buildings of vast extent. Another palace, assigned to Cortez on his entrance

into the city, was so large as to accommodate his whole army. But the most remarkable edifice of the city was the great *teocalli*, or temple, erected in 1486. It was encompassed by a stone wall about eight feet high, and pierced on its four sides by gateways opening upon the principal streets. Over each gate was an arsenal, and barracks near the temple were garrisoned by 10,000 soldiers. The temple itself was a solid pyramidal structure of earth and pebbles, coated externally with hewn stones. It was square, its sides facing the cardinal points, and was divided into five stories, each of which receded so as to be smaller than that below it. The ascent was by a flight of 114 steps on the outside, so contrived that to reach the top it was necessary to pass four times round the whole edifice; and the base of the temple is supposed to have been 300 feet square. The summit, whereon the sacrificial fires were kept perpetually burning, was a large area paved with broad, flat stones. The police of the city was efficient and vigilant, and a thousand men were daily employed in watering and sweeping the streets. As the waters of the lake that surrounded the city were extremely brackish, pure water for the supply of the people was brought by an aqueduct from the neighboring hill of Chapultepec, where Montezuma had a Summer palace, surrounded by vast and magnificent gardens.

(Continued on page 22.)



VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—RECEPTION OF THE AMERICAN DEPUTATION BY THE PRESIDENT IN THE NATIONAL PALACE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1879.

### CAUTION.

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### A BAD RECORD.

IT is very apparent that the record made for itself by the Forty-fifth Congress is not destined to be a happy one in the memory of the nation. Indeed, it is safe to say that never before in the history of the country has the legislative department of the Government fallen so far below the measure of its duty and the height of its opportunities. At the very threshold of its career, when assembled by the Executive in extraordinary session, it was confronted by two great questions which called for the most dispassionate consideration to the end that the wisest practical conclusions might be reached in matters deeply concerning the stability of our institutions and the prosperity of the people. We refer, of course, to "the electoral problem," from the throes of which the nation had barely escaped in the Winter of 1876-7 without bloodshed, and the "money question" which imperatively called for a wise decision in the interest of national honesty and the public welfare.

Not only has the Forty-fifth Congress remitted the former of these vital concerns to the "limbo of the unfinished," but by a large majority of both Houses it has done its utmost to defeat the resumption of specie payments, by passing, over the Executive veto, "a Silver Bill," which stands to-day as a stone of stumbling and rock of offense in the future path of our financial progress. And in many other respects it has done the things which it ought not to have done, and left undone the things which it ought to have done. The "Potter Investigating Committee" had the sole justifiable reason for its creation in the allegation that its inquiries were a necessary condition precedent to the enactment of laws for the prevention of frauds in the counting of electoral ballots. In its practical operation the Committee has been little more than a "mud machine," with a reversible double-action attachment, which has been as damaging to its manipulators as to the persons against whom its primary force was directed. No laws have been passed to prevent the frauds alleged to have been committed by Returning Boards, and no laws have been passed to make the dicker for venal electoral ballots any less practicable than at the last Presidential election. And the "Teller Investigating Committee," raised by the Republicans of the Senate as a counter-check to the "mud machine" of the Democratic House, has not crowned its labors by even the suggestion of any new remedial statutes within the competency of the National Legislature. The time that might have been given to such a practical discussion was wasted in a fruitless debate on political and constitutional metaphysics, initiated at the instance of a party caucus, first of the Republicans, and then of the Democrats.

A pension law which adds untold millions to the public burdens has been enacted in the nominal interest of the soldiers "who helped to put down the Rebellion," but in the real interest of a partisan propagandism which does not scruple to set up the national credit and the general welfare at a public auction, in which Democratic and Republican bidders have competed with each other for the "sweet votes" of the soldier class. And, as if to "cap the climax" of this public defection from the rule of right, we have seen the Chinese Immigration Act pushed through the forms of legislation in a way equally discreditable to its supporters and offensive to the primary principles of national honor. For it is a matter of public notoriety that this disgraceful measure found its chief support in a vulgar competition for the vote of California, holding, as that State does, a pivotal position, perhaps, in the organization of the next House of Representatives, and wielding, as it may, a determinate balance in the next Presidential election. That the country should have been saved from the consummation of this wrong by the interposition of the Executive veto, is a matter of great congratulation to the friends of national honor and of international integrity, but the stigma placed upon both by the vote of both Houses of the last

Congress rests none the less upon the annals of the National Legislature—a blotch of shame upon the Federal escutcheon.

That in all these its sins of commission and of omission the late Congress has not been a fair representative of the average mind and conscience of the American people we are as frank to admit as we are glad to believe. But we cannot find in this fact a healing salve for the wounded pride of the nation, remembering as we do the pithy aphorism that "every nation has the Government it deserves," an aphorism which is especially true of elective republics. The late Congress was, under our existing political methods, the choice of the people, and, as such, the people must accept their full share of the responsibility which attaches to it as the organized expression of the national will in the legislative branch of the Government. The national Congress is a mirror in which the whole people may see, not, as we have already said, a reflection of the national virtue and the national intelligence, but the very age and body of our current politics. If there is not virtue enough in the people, or intelligence enough in the people to bring their current politics into correspondence with the rules of morality and of right which are cordially recognized and practiced in other departments of our daily life, it argues some strange infirmity in the political methods and agencies under which the better thought and higher purpose of the people are doomed to be smothered and thwarted in a body that passes for "the assembled wisdom" of the land.

The people hoped that they had wrought a permanent purification in American politics when the "Nominating Convention" was substituted for the "Congressional Caucus" in the selection of Presidential candidates. But the Congress of the United States has once more become as obviously the vestibule to the political hustings as it ever was in the worst days of the old Federal and Republican Parties, when the Federal members of Congress did but organize at Washington the politics of the Essex Junto, and when the Republican members of Congress did but register at Washington the edicts of the Richmond Regency.

### OUR TENEMENT-HOUSE SYSTEM.

THE agitation of the subject of the needs of our tenement-house population, recently initiated by prominent clergymen and laymen, was not started a moment too soon. There is no problem of social science which exceeds in urgency or importance that of the housing, under proper sanitary conditions, of the poor of our more populous cities. Not alone considerations of health and comfort, but of private and public morality as well, demand that the indiscriminate herding of masses of men, women and children in tenements which are nests of filth, disease and malaria, should be arrested. There can be no growth of the soul, no elevation of the intellect, no inspiration of the life with pure and lofty motives, where all the surrounding influences are debasing and brutalizing. It has been well said that "Satan has the church at a disadvantage when Sabbath influences are offset by six days of life in the squalor and confusion and poisonous air and demoralizing associations of the tenement-house."

Careful inquiry shows that fully 500,000 people, nearly one-half the population of New York, live in tenement-houses. These houses, of which there are now some 21,000, are generally from four to six stories high, frequently with a store on the first floor, which when used for the sale of liquor has a side-opening for the benefit of the inmates and to evade the Sunday law; four families occupy each floor, and a set of rooms consists of one or two dark closets used as bedrooms, with a living room 12 feet by 10. The staircase is too often a dark well in the centre of the house; and no direct through ventilation is possible, each family being separated by partitions. Frequently the rear of the lot is occupied by another building of three stories high, with two families on a floor. It therefore happens that on one lot 25 feet by 100, there may be from twenty to thirty families, with forty or fifty children, using one yard and the same hallways. Dr. Harris found ninety-six children in one such house. In another house visited by an inspector, thirty-two rooms were found to receive light and ventilation from other rooms. In another, but four closets were provided for 182 inmates, and the air was so vile the visitor could not remain.

The evils of this packing process are obvious. London is commonly supposed to be a densely peopled city, but its most populous district does not contain above 175,000 people to the square mile, and there is but one such case. The Fourth Ward of this city has a population of 290,000 to the square mile. There are several blocks with an average of 750 people to the acre, while the most densely peopled parts of London contain less than 300 to the acre. In one block in the Eleventh Ward there are fifty-two tenement-houses, occupied by

589 families, comprising 2,356 persons, and this ward has 64,000 inhabitants to 196 acres—an average of 326 to the acre. Dr. Stephen Smith, in his report to the Legislature, says: "In all the eastern quarter of our city, from Houston Street up to Fortieth, there is an overcrowding of human beings in comparison to the space covered beyond what has thus far ever been known in any civilized country." Disease and death are the necessary result of this overcrowding. Of the whole number of deaths last year, seventy per cent., or 18,867, occurred in or in connection with tenement-houses. The death rate of the Fourth, Sixth and Seventeenth Wards is double that of the up-town wards, and ninety per cent. of the children born in the tenement-houses die before reaching youth.

But the conspicuously alarming fact in connection with this whole subject is that the vice and crime which vex and defy restraint, have their origin largely in these tenement dens. A high authority declares that at least eighty per cent. of the crimes against person and property are perpetrated by persons who have either lost association with home life or never had any. Of the whole number of arrests for drunkenness, 30,373, last year, 12,000 were made in the three crowded tenement-house wards. Of the whole number of persons arrested for crimes other than drunkenness, sixty per cent. were absolutely in the habit of crime, and were shown by the records of prisons and reformatories to be graduates of tenements. The younger criminals are traced almost exclusively to these places.

How shall the evil be cured? That it is possible to provide a remedy, does not admit of doubt. There is no difficulty at all in constructing buildings which will combine all necessary sanitary conveniences. By proper legislation, over-crowding and over-building may be prevented, and the vilest of these dwellings, now inhabited, either demolished or remodeled. Existing laws and ordinances, the neglect of which results in disease and crime, must be vigorously enforced. Then the tenement-house population should be encouraged to avail themselves of rapid transit to live in the country. For, after all, all schemes of reform which shall fail to inspire the unfortunate victims of this system with some glimmer of self-respect, and some desire, however faint, to help themselves, must prove only partial remedies. But it is also true that, in the necessary work of reform, men of all classes and all parties must co-operate. It is an encouraging sign that the Christian capitalists in our churches are coming forward as leaders in the enterprise, and manifest a disposition to put their religion into bricks and mortar as well as into catechisms and tracts. As a recent sermon of a city divine pertinently says: "Infection and drainage and ventilation are not for the exclusive consideration of health boards. They are religious questions as well as sanitary ones. When Charles Kingsley, going into a sick peasant's house and finding the atmosphere of the room pestilential, procured an auger and bored holes above the bed's head for ventilation, the auger was as much a religious instrument as the prayer-book." If the men of wealth among us, and men of all classes who are concerned in the abatement of the evils we have outlined, will address themselves with the practical common sense displayed by Kingsley to the great work to which they are summoned, it will not be long before our experience will be that of Glasgow, in Scotland, where the property-owners, by expending \$7,000,000 in destroying, cleaning and repairing tenement dwellings, effected a reduction of more than twenty-five per cent. in the amount of crime.

### THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.

EGYPTIAN affairs again command attention. A coup d'état has been practically effected, and Ismail Pasha has again secured possession of the reins of power of which he was temporarily deprived. Opinions may differ as to the actual part played by the Khedive in the recent *émoude*; but there can be no doubt that the leaders in the demonstration had his sympathy, and that the result has been such as he himself most desired. Nubar Pasha has been compelled to retire, and the Khedive has assumed the powers which belong to the President of the Council. Mr. Wilson continues in office as Minister of Finance, and M. de Blignières retains his post as Minister of Public Works. Meanwhile, France and England have each sent ships-of-war into Egyptian waters.

Rightly to understand the present situation of affairs it is necessary to recall the arrangements which had been made with the Khedive on the one hand, and France and England on the other, and which had for their object the relief of the Egyptian treasury. For years past the finances of that country have been seriously embarrassed; in fact, the extravagance and mismanagement of the Khedive had brought the Government to the brink of ruin. Year after year, in spite of the productiveness of the land, the situation had become

more desperate. Reckless and unheeding, Ismail Pasha proceeded in his career of extravagance; and it was only when he found that he could no longer borrow in the markets of Europe that he opened his eyes and realized his true position. In 1875 a joint French and English Commission examined his affairs, and the report showed that, in spite of his vast apparent wealth, he was practically bankrupt. While he realized from his private estates, which include about one-tenth of the cultivable soil of Egypt, some two millions of dollars a year, it appeared that he owed about twenty-five millions of dollars at ten per cent. per annum; and he had besides an immense floating debt at an enormous interest. Under advice of the commissioners, Messrs. Joubert and Wilson, he sold to England his shares in the Suez Canal for four millions of dollars, and an arrangement was come to by which it was believed the Khedive would get out of his difficulty. But the execution of the scheme was left in his own hands, and it came almost to immediate grief. The money received for his canal shares was soon spent, and he was in a worse plight than before. There was need for more money; but the bankers were obstinate. The result was the appointment of a new commission. Mr. Rivers Wilson, a financial expert, was sent out from England, and, after having fully examined the public and private affairs of the Khedive, was successful in inducing him to enter into a new arrangement. A new Government was formed—Nubar Pasha being President of the Council; Mr. Rivers Wilson Minister of Finance; and M. de Blignières, a prominent French engineer, Minister of Public Works. The Khedive, who was pledged to retire from all active participation in the management of affairs, handed over to the new Government all the national property, together with the properties of the Dairas Sanieh and Khassa, as well as all properties belonging to the Khedive himself, or to members of his family. Under this arrangement, the Rothschilds of London and Paris offered for public subscription \$8,500,000 of five per cent. Egyptian bonds, at from 70 to 75. The British and French Governments, at the same time, came under obligations to see that the revenues derived from the Khedive's surrendered estates should be devoted to the payment of the interest on, and to provide a sinking fund for, the loan until its extinction.

It can readily be imagined that the new state of things was far from satisfactory to the Khedive. It was a necessity which had been laid upon him from without. He had been accustomed to absolute power, and to almost unlimited means. Now he was powerless in the presence of his people; and his public and private expenses were regulated and confined within the limits of the strictest economy. It was natural that he should chafe under such restrictions. The new Government, faithful to its trust, was pursuing vigorously a policy of economy. No department was spared. Retrenchment was the rule; and wherever there was waste or extravagance of any kind the pruning knife was unsparingly applied. Among the many costly hobbies of the Khedive was the maintenance of a large army. It was decided by the new Government that the army should be reduced to a strength corresponding with the necessities and resources of the country. It was the carrying out of this decision on the part of the Government which occasioned the recent outbreak in the streets of Cairo. The immediate result of this disturbance, as we have seen, has been the retirement of Nubar Pasha from the Cabinet, and the assumption of the duties of the Presidency of the Council by the Viceroy himself. In this action the arrangement which brought about the loan has been directly violated. The Rothschilds can scarcely be well pleased, and the Governments of both France and England are placed in an awkward predicament. The fact that Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignières have been instructed to remain at their posts, and that ships of war have been sent over by both the guaranteeing Powers, justify the belief that the Khedive's assumption of the Council Presidency will not be permitted to pass unchallenged. But whatever may come of the present rupture—whether the second financial scheme shall fail or succeed—the final adjustment of the Egyptian problem can scarcely admit of doubt. England needs, and must have, Egypt as the highway to India; and it almost seems as if the ripe fruit is about to fall into her lap.

### THE EXPORT CATTLE TRADE.

THE embargo placed upon the importation of American live stock into the ports of the United Kingdom, viewed in the light of existing facts, appears to be without justification. That the British Government had good ground for prohibiting the entry of cattle from infected countries like Russia, Austro-Hungary, Turkey, Greece, Roumania and Montenegro, is undoubted. The eastern portion of Europe



has suffered greatly from the epidemic known as pleuro-pneumonia; but with the United States the case has been and is entirely different. That a few sporadic cases of pleuro-pneumonia have been found near Washington is true. That some cases have come to light in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and among the swill-fed cows of Long Island, is also a fact. But these are all isolated cases and confined wholly to the localities where they happened. The supply of cattle for export comes mainly from the great West, a section to which the epidemic is altogether unknown. The Commissioner of Agriculture asserts that while the disease has occasionally appeared along the seaboard since 1856, it has never yet prevailed west of the Alleghany Mountains.

That the British Order in Council is unjust in its operation against American trade is quite as well known to the representatives of Her Majesty's Government in this country as to our own Government and people. Touching the magnitude of this trade, few outside of the exporters and Custom House officials know anything about it. It has all grown up within the past two or three years, and now involves millions of capital. Last year, according to official figures, the live-stock shipments from this port alone embraced 30,925 beeves, 19,724 sheep, and 1,662 hogs. The shipments of carcasses consisted of 72,409 beeves, 56,034 sheep, and 9,908 hogs. At a recent dinner given by the Glasgow butchers engaged in the American meat trade, it was stated that the entire quantity of meat imported into Great Britain in 1876 was 16,165,632 pounds, the money value of which was about \$1,946,975. Last year the quantity increased to 53,661,216 pounds, valued at \$6,323,820. It was further stated that the total value of live stock imported into the United Kingdom during 1868 was \$7,451,482—about \$37,272,410—of which sum America contributed in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000. These facts and figures plainly indicate the advancing value of our meat and live-stock trade with Great Britain.

That there has been a growing jealousy of our exporters both in England and Canada cannot be doubted, and that cabals have been set on foot to check trade from the United States becomes only too apparent. It is an open secret that influential Englishmen interested in cattle-raising at home, such as the Duke of Richmond, have labored zealously to hinder the importation of American beef, and that English farmers generally are growing seriously anxious as to the future of the home cattle trade. As to the Canadians, when it is considered that the shippers of this country had completed contracts for an unusual heavy trade during the present year, and that our neighbors across the line are now stall-feeding 250,000 head of cattle and 500,000 sheep for export, it is easily to be seen where the animus of the Dominion comes in.

It is barely possible that the British Government might have withstood the "hue and cry" against American cattle but for the unfortunate shipment to Liverpool by the *Ontario*. When that vessel reached her port of destination it was discovered that several marked cases of pleuro-pneumonia existed among the cattle on board. Yet, strange to say, these cattle were shipped in an apparently healthy state—no evidences of infection being discoverable when they left our shores. Careful inquiry shows that no disease existed, or does exist, in the districts whence the cattle came, and that they were all right at the time of forwarding and embarkation. Subsequent shipments of healthy cattle from the same districts have given sure indication to the British authorities that pleuro-pneumonia does not prevail in the grazing portions of the United States. The British Government possessed a knowledge of these facts, and yet deemed it necessary to place this country in the same category with countries suffering largely from the epidemic. Canadian cattle are quite as likely to be affected as our own. In fact, a part of the *Ontario's* shipment belonged to the Dominion, and yet, curiously enough, Canada is not to be embargoed by the British Order in Council.

The indications now are that, thanks to active repressive measures, the few sporadic cases of pleuro-pneumonia will soon be stamped out. In this State, the vigorous policy of Governor Robinson is already achieving beneficent results. If the Privy Council is willing to be convinced that American cattle can safely enter British ports, then there need be but a temporary interference with our exportation of live stock.

#### IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE French Government has won a decisive victory on the amnesty question, the Bill presented by it having been adopted by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 163 to 86. This Bill grants complete amnesty to all persons who have been sentenced to transportation, or who have fled the country and been condemned in their absence, for offenses connected with the insurrection of 1871, and who have been, or within three months shall be, pardoned by the President. The total number of offenders ex-

cepted from pardon will be about 13,000. The Government, now that this question is out of the way, is said to be anxious to close the era of purely political discussions as soon as possible, to the end that the Chambers may take up practical business questions. M. Waddington has intimated to a deputation of Protectionists that the exclusion of English manufacturers from the American market, and the consequent concentration of their competition upon France, will make it necessary for the latter to protect herself by duties, especially on cotton, linen, velvet, and shipping industries.

A supplementary credit of \$7,500,000 on account of the expenses of the Zulu War has been voted by the British House of Commons, but not without the declaration on the part of some of the Radicals and Home Rulers that they regarded the war as unjust and iniquitous. Sixteen steamers in all have been chartered to carry troops and war material to the scene of hostilities. It will be nearly five weeks before the reinforcements can be placed in the field. Meanwhile, many of the leading English journals continue to criticize the war as having been commenced without any reasonable cause. Thus the *Examiner* says:

"We have no right to ask the Zulu King to disband his army, and allow his young men to marry, unless we are prepared to defend and make new laws for his country. If we intend conquering Zululand we can understand such summary demands; but the country is of little value to us compared with the toil of holding it, and a war for its annexation, leaving any higher moral considerations out of account, will be an extremely costly, troublesome, and sanguinary one, which a little prudence, perseverance and statesmanship might have averted."

A movement looking to the extension of self-government to Alsace and Lorraine, and their definitive recognition as a Federal State, is gaining strength in the German Reichstag, having apparently the sanction of Bismarck himself. Such a concession would mark a new era in the relations of the Alsacians and the Prussian Government, and would certainly strengthen the hold of the latter upon these unfortunate provinces. Bismarck is represented also to show, in another matter, a more conciliatory temper. He has caused it to be understood that he might consent to the withdrawal of the Parliamentary Disciplinary Bill if the Reichstag will consent to the increase of the powers of the Speaker over the members of that body.

It is stated that the plague in Astrakhan has disappeared, but the alarm among the people of Russia has not subsided, it being generally believed that the pestilence is still making actual progress. The *Golos* recently published a letter from the infected districts from which it appeared that numbers of unburied corpses were lying strewn about the country, and that two thousand persons had perished in Zaritzyn. The sale of this paper in the streets has been prohibited in consequence of this publication. The burning of infected houses in the plague districts has been commenced by the Government Commission.

Contradictory rumors continue to prevail as to the whereabouts and condition of the Ameer of Afghanistan; it is much more likely that, after Oriental fashion, he is playing 'possum' than that he is dead. The Shah of Persia doubtless wishes now, in the almost bankrupt state of his finances, that he had not capriciously broken his contract to farm out the revenues of his kingdom to Baron Reuter, who would have effected as wonderful a change in them as the Austrian Riedener has made in the Persian postal arrangements that had remained unimproved from the days of Xerxes until A. D. 1874. China manifestly means to be independent of Russian, English, and perhaps of American manufactures, for a number of cotton factories have been established in the Flowery Kingdom, and German operatives have been engaged to run them. The extraordinary friendship manifested at this moment by Russia towards Turkey may well excite redoubled vigilance at Vienna and at London.

The Czar of Russia has almost more than he can well do to energize his hereditary functions as an absolute monarch—what with the dread spectre of Nihilism, the threatened invasion of his empire by the Asiatic plague, the burden of national debt accumulated during the late Turco-Russian war, and the recent troubles, exaggerated as are certain accounts of the latter, among the disorderly students of his universities and high schools. Several remarkable criminal trials have lately aggravated the Czar's anxieties by revealing symptoms of extraordinary demoralization in the higher circles of Russian society. Among the more recent of these trials must be specified that of a widow lady, named Goulak-Artemovsky, accused and convicted of forgery, and now sentenced to banishment in Siberia; that of Gregory Besobrasoff, a member of the aristocracy and son to a highly honored senator, for the murder of Dr. Kovaltchoff, one of the best physicians of Kharkow; and that of Marguerite Julean, a French governess, charged with having poisoned to death a

youth of seventeen, Nicholas Posnansky, son of a colonel of *gendarmes*, in whose family she had been domiciled for years. In the latter case the jury did not find sufficient proof of the alleged motive of jealousy to warrant a verdict of guilty, but many sad and revolting features were brought to light. To a very different but a serious class of offenses belongs the imprudence of the Grand Duke Nicolas, son of the Grand Duke Constantine, in writing and publishing a pamphlet on a projected strategic railway in Asia. For this offense the high-born author has been exiled to Orenburg. The Grand Duke Wlatcheslav, youngest child of the Grand Duke Constantine and a nephew of the Czar, has just died, aged seventeen.

The last fortnight of the carnival at Paris was enlivened by one of the most brilliant diplomatic receptions of the season. It was given by Prince and Princess Hohenlohe at the German Embassy, and the company included President Grévy, M. Gambetta, the Duke d'Aumale (the representative of the Orleanist princes), General Fleury, and other eminent Bonapartists, ministers, foreign ambassadors, and senators and deputies of all shades of politics. The Duke of Cumberland and his bride, the Princess Thyra, will pass the rest of the season in Paris.

The rumor is revived that the Queen of England and Empress of India will travel on the Continent this Spring, going first to Italy and subsequently visiting Coburg and Darmstadt.

THE popular demand for the four per cents exceeds the printing capacity of the Treasury Department, which is now in arrears about \$100,000,000 in the delivery of the bonds. The Engraving and Printing Bureau is working night and day, but will not be up with the demand for some time. The delay is in a large measure attributable to the printing of such large quantities of bonds of small denomination, for which there is a demand wholly unanticipated by the departments.

THE Secretary of the Interior has ordered the summary suspension of a number of pension claim agents who are charged with having organized a movement for "grabbing" a large slice of the arrears due pensioners under the Bill recently passed. There is little room for doubt that that measure was passed mainly through the efforts of claim agents, and if Secretary Schurz can baffle their plundering schemes he will establish fresh claims upon the public gratitude.

THE statement that 1,000 tons of coal are used monthly in heating the new Capitol at Albany appears to be a gross exaggeration. An Albany correspondent writes us on the subject as follows: "Five hundred tons of coal were contracted for by the commissioners in November last, at \$4 per ton. This was at a time when the building was open on all sides, and great dampness existed in consequence. Four steam boilers were put in use (for heating purposes) and have been running day and night ever since, and this amount of coal has lasted for three months, under all the disadvantages of new machinery, etc."

THE Greenback Congressmen have issued an address "to the people of the United States" urging a general organization for the purpose of resisting "the gigantic money power" which "has plunged the masses of the people into a condition of poverty, want and misery." The address is characterized by the exaggeration of statement and violence of temper which marked the appeals of the ultra-inflationists in the last political canvas, and on that very account will fail to provoke any other feeling than derision among sober-minded men. It is understood that the Greenback members-elect of the next House will act independently of the old parties, and should they do so, they may be able to compel some concessions, in the way of office, in the organization of that body.

THE Bill to provide for taking the next Federal census, as passed by the House of Representatives, authorizes the President to appoint the necessary supervisors, and requires the enumerators to obtain complete and elaborate statistics of the business, debts, property, etc., of railroad, express, telegraph, and fire, life and marine insurance companies. Railroad companies must, in reporting their capital stock, also report to what extent the same has been watered, and how often corners have been made on such watered stock. It is also provided that the schedules shall contain inquiries relating to the public indebtedness of cities, counties and towns, and the ownership of the public debt of the United States, by whom owned, and the respective amounts. The principal credit for the passage of this Bill is due to Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE will of the late Mrs. Emma Strecker, of this city, bequeathes \$250,000 for charitable objects.

O'KELLY, the last of the Fenians who were prisoners in England, arrived at this port February 27th.

THE Ohio State Republican Convention for the nomination of a Governor will be held at Cincinnati May 28th.

THE Minnesota Legislature has passed a Bill reducing the legal rate of interest from twelve per cent. to ten per cent.

THE liabilities of Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati are now stated at \$6,000,000—money deposited with him for investment.

THE business portion of Reno, Nevada, was destroyed by fire on March 2d, entailing a loss of \$1,000,000 on property and of five lives.

THE rumored deficiency in the Missouri State Treasury has been found to amount to \$343,000, and the Treasurer will be impeached.

THE Michigan Greenback and Democratic Conventions have united on a State ticket, and the Democrats adopted the Greenback platform.

COLLECTOR MERRITT, Surveyor Graham and Naval Officer Burt have agreed upon a code of civil service rules for the New York Custom House.

THE United States Grand Jury at Danville, Va., have indicted five County Judges for failing to allow negro jurors to serve. Great indignation prevails.

THE Connecticut Legislature has passed the Constitutional Amendment for biennial sessions of the Legislature. It now goes to the people for final action.

THE majority of the Potter Committee have agreed upon a report which claims that both Florida and Louisiana were carried for Mr. Tilden. The minority dissent entirely from this conclusion.

ONE hundred and sixty-five students were graduated from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in this city on the 27th ultimo, and ninety-five from the Medical Department of Columbia College on the 28th.

CHIEF MOSES expresses great disappointment at the refusal of the Interior Department to give him the reservation he applied for, and says he cannot vouch for the manner in which his tribe will receive the bad news.

It is believed that the officers of Harvard College have decided to allow young women to pass through the different stages of instruction under the professors, but with a distinct organization to be controlled by a board of Cambridge ladies.

MINISTER SEWARD was arraigned before the House on February 28th, to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt. He refused to produce the books asked for, and the case was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

THE President sent to the House of Representatives on Saturday, March 1st, a veto of the Bill to restrict Chinese immigration. The vote in the House on overruling the veto was 110 to 95, not two-thirds in favor of the Bill. So the Bill fails.

A MEETING of merchants and others, held at Cooper Institute, February 27th, for the purpose of discussing the means of increasing the trade between the United States and Mexico and South America, appointed a committee of nine to arrange a plan of action with that end in view.

DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL ROSE on February 27th arrested, at Pekin and Peoria, Ill., some fifty persons under indictment at Springfield for complicity in whisky frauds. Some of them are among the most prominent and wealthiest citizens. The arrested men represent every branch of business, and startling developments are promised. No occurrence has produced so much excitement in that section for years.

THE Teller Committee presented a report to the Senate February 27th, reviewing the testimony of the ninety-one witnesses in Louisiana and the 107 in South Carolina. It states that the frauds in South Carolina by the use of tissue ballots extended to every county in that State except one, and that between thirty and forty murders were committed in Louisiana. The minority of the committee dissent from the conclusion that further legislation is needed for the protection of the rights of the blacks.

##### Foreign.

THERE will be a deficit of \$2,750,000 in the German Budget this year.

WORK has been begun on the buildings for the International Exhibition of 1880 at Madrid, Spain.

YAKOOB KHAN has announced the death of his father, Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, which occurred on February 21st, and made overtures for the renewal of friendly relations with the British Government.

THE Mexican Minister of Public Works has given orders for the erection of the building for the International Exposition to be held in Mexico next year. All the building material, it is said, will be purchased in the United States. Exhibits from this country are specially asked for.

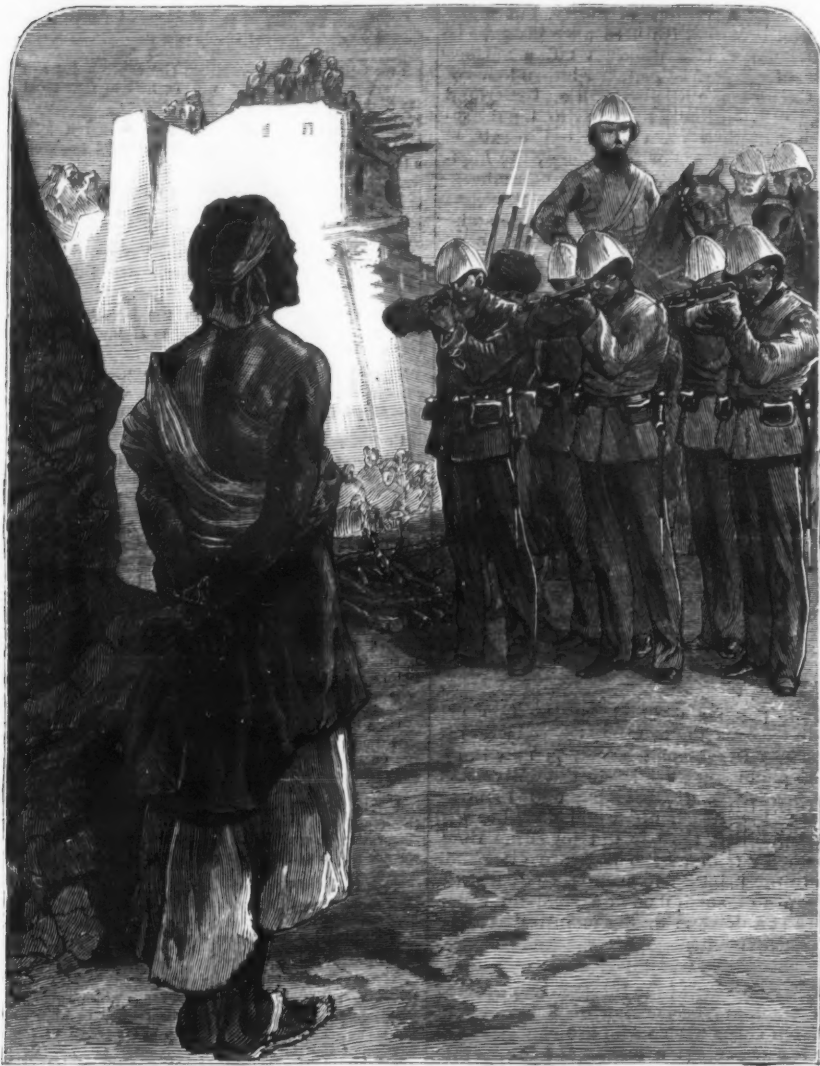
THE United States Consul in Jerusalem writes that serious apprehensions prevail there as to the future harvest. Famine is imminent. Arrangements are being made to import flour and grain direct from New York to anticipate the wants of the people. Tunis and Tripoli are suffering more from drought than Palestine.

THE Pope, on February 26th, replying to an address from the Cardinals, emphasized his desire to reconcile princes and peoples to the Church, his readiness to extend his hand to all who repent and cease their persecutions, and his unflinching intention always to combat, not the defense of the rights and independence of the Church, those who make war against her.

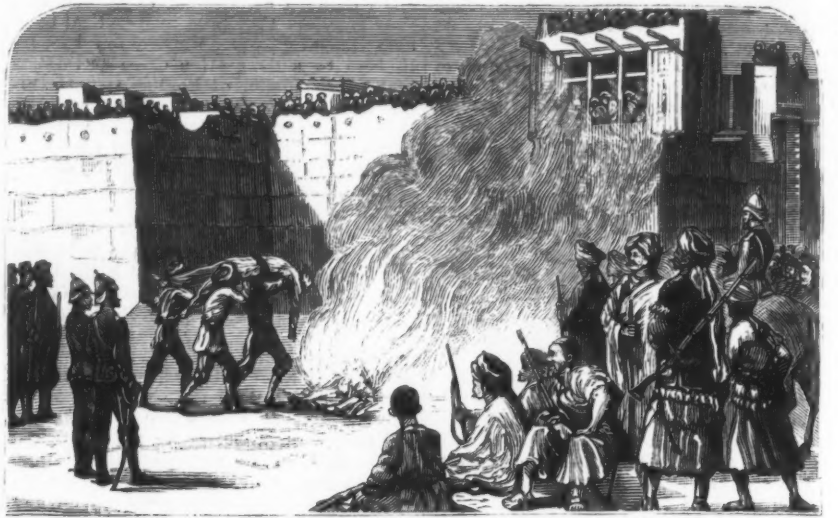
TREMENDOUS storms have occurred in Italy and the South of France, where hundreds of people are thrown on public charity by the destruction and inundation of their houses. In Spain the tempest lasted four days, with much damage and loss of life, villages and farms being destroyed. The Italian coast from Genoa to Naples was strewn with wrecks, and Parma, Milan and Florence suffered serious loss to property, the latter city being inundated by the sea, and the water at some points reaching a depth of thirty inches. At Rome all the windows of the Monastery of Monte Aile Croci were destroyed, and a portion of the base of Michael Angelo's statue of "David" was swept off. At Puzig-nolo, near Sienna, the campanile of a church was blown down, while the people were at Mass, killing two priests officiating at the altar and three other persons, and wounding twenty-four persons. Further reports of the snow-storm in France say that it was the heaviest for years. Great damage has been done by floods.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See PAGE 27.



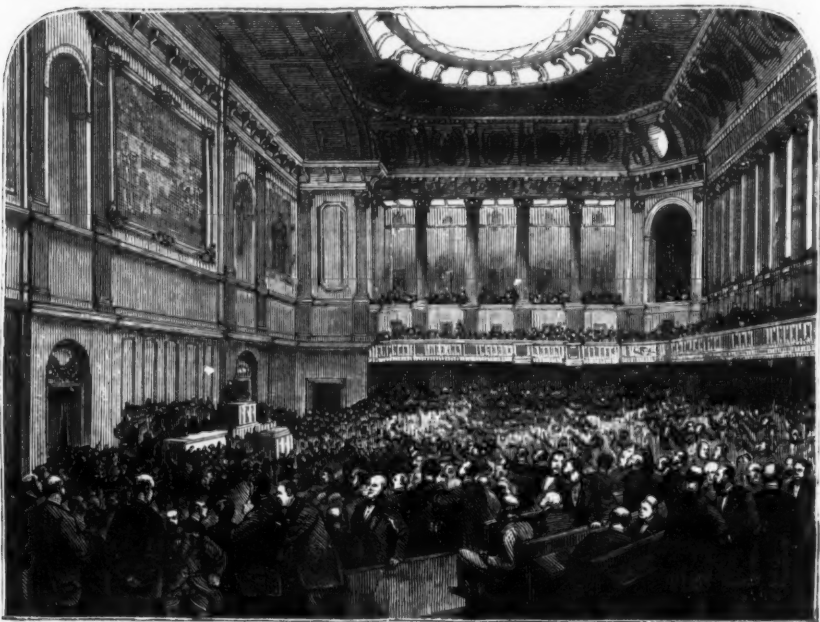
AFGHANISTAN.—EXECUTION OF A MOHAMMEDAN FANATIC AT JELLALABAD.



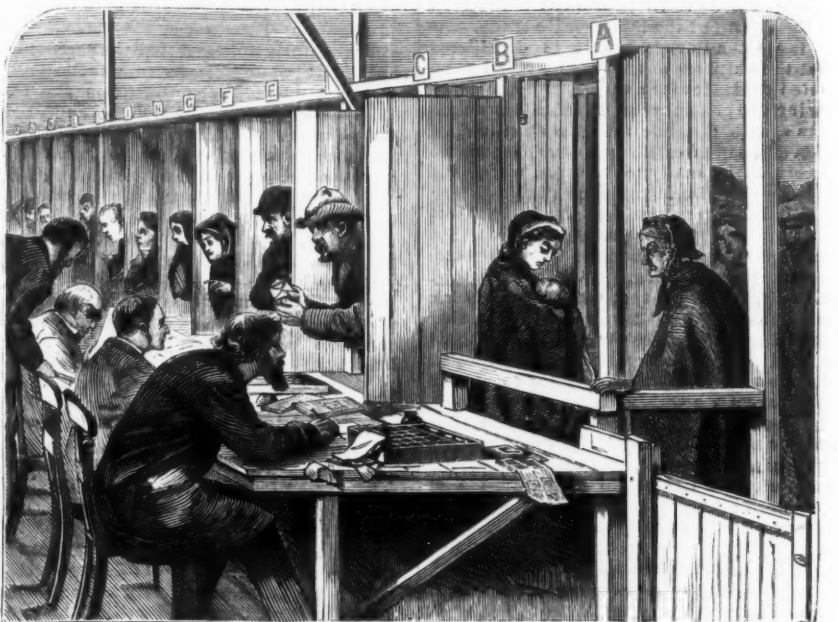
AFGHANISTAN.—BURNING THE BODY OF AN ASSASSIN AT JELLALABAD.



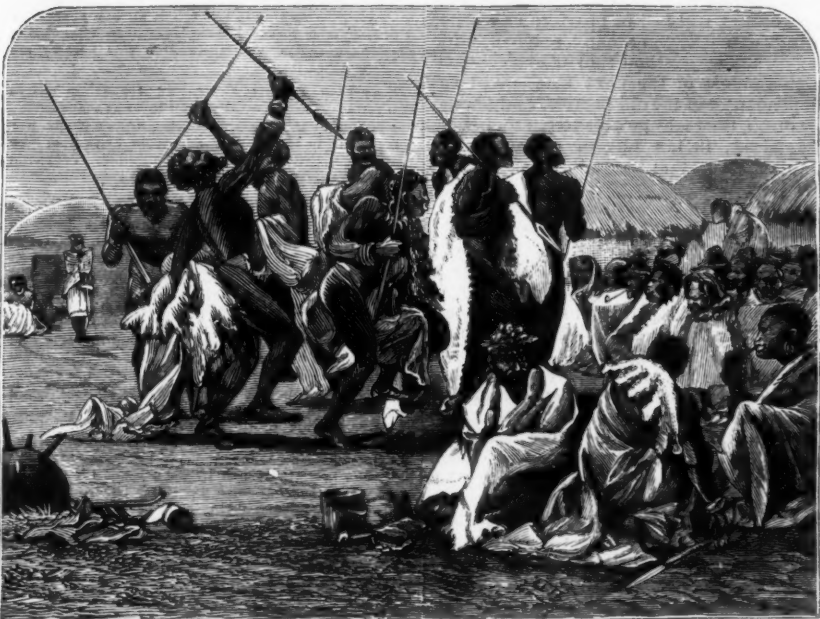
AFGHANISTAN.—LOADING CAMELS IN THE CAMP OF THE BOMBAY INFANTRY.



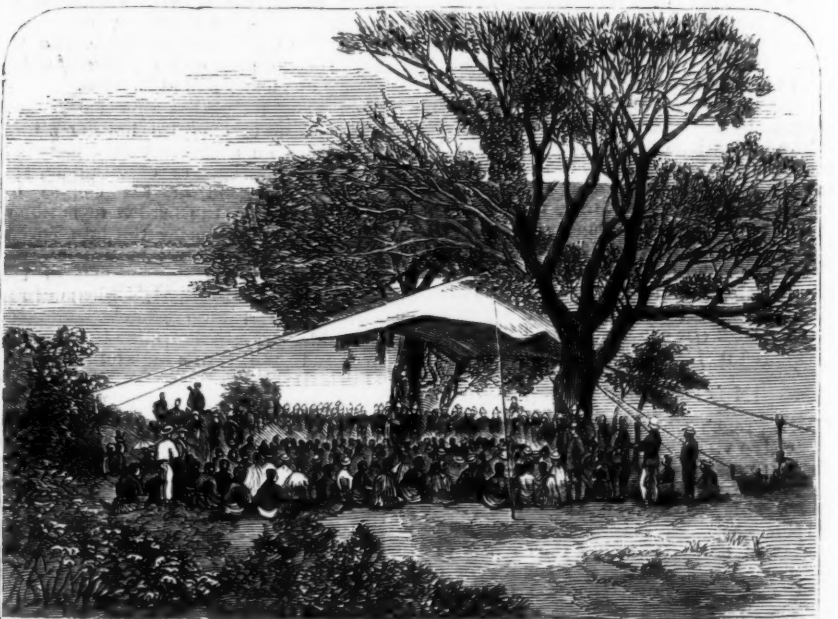
FRANCE.—THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT GRÉVY BY THE SENATE AND CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



ENGLAND.—DISTRESSED CITIZENS OF MANCHESTER APPLYING FOR RELIEF IN WINDMILL STREET.



SOUTH AFRICA.—A DANCE AT AN ENCAMPMENT OF CAFFRE LEVIES.



SOUTH AFRICA.—READING THE BRITISH ULTIMATUM AT THE TUGELA RIVER.





NEW YORK CITY.—PROPOSED BARGE OFFICE TO BE ERRECTED AT THE BATTERY.

## THE NEW BARGE OFFICE AT THE BATTERY.

THE necessity for a better system of receiving and landing passengers arriving from foreign countries, of examining their baggage and facilitating their departure to their homes, and also for some improved means of collecting revenue and protecting the interests of the Government, has long been felt in New York and by New York merchants. More than twenty years ago travelers complained of the inconvenience they were put to, and the shameful extortions of hackmen, in being compelled to land almost anywhere but in the City of New York, for which point they purchased their tickets. The ships of one line landed in Jersey City, those of another line landed its passengers and freight in Hoboken, and those of another in Brooklyn, or somewhere far up the North River. It is very easy to see, not only the inconvenience, but the unreasonable charges of hackmen, this condition of things must have developed and encouraged. The Government, at the same time, was put to a very heavy expense in establishing miniature Custom Houses on the wharves of each of these lines of steamers; and yet, in the hurry and bustle, the noise and confusion incident to the arrival and landing of a steamer at her wharf, it was impossible that the revenue officers, no matter how keen and vigilant, could examine the baggage of passengers as carefully as the law required, compute correctly the amount on dutiable articles, or collect the amount with accuracy. Mr. Boutwell, while Secretary of the Treasury, reported that in consequence of this deficiency in the means of properly examining passengers' baggage, computing and collecting the revenue, the Government lost yearly from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars; this too, independent of the annoyance and extortion to which passengers were exposed for want of a proper system of landing, examination, and collecting the revenue.

It must be remembered, also, that this loose and very unsatisfactory manner of doing business was taken advantage of by a dishonest class of merchants, and the result was that smuggling was carried on to an alarming extent, sometimes with the knowledge and connivance of Government officials. The only complete remedy for this was the establishment of a central landing-place—a barge office where all passengers from abroad could be landed and their baggage properly examined. That the Battery was the proper place was very generally conceded. More than twenty years ago the Press of this city agitated the subject, and urged upon the Government the necessity of taking some action in the matter. In this way the matter dragged along from year to year, until the Hon. Nicholas Müller, Member of Congress for the Fifth District, took hold of the matter in earnest, drew up a Bill asking an appropriation of two hundred and ten thousand dollars (\$210,000) for the purpose, and, with that persistency for which he is known, pressed it through Congress near the close of its last session.

That the work of erecting the building was not begun at once is entirely owing to the fact that the title to a very small piece of ground necessary to make the foundation complete had not been perfected until within a few days past. Now that the title to this piece of ground is completed, work on the building will be prosecuted promptly. The building of this barge office and the landing of this vast amount of passengers and their baggage and small freight at the Battery, it is confidently predicted, will work a great social and material revolution in that part of the city. Already a project is on foot to build a first-class

hotel and restaurant at some convenient point, similar to the Adelphi and Waterloo Hotels in Liverpool.

The new building will be erected at Whitehall Slip, and the shed to be used for the landing of passengers and examination of baggage will be completed within a few months. The main or front

building and sea-wall will not be finished for a year or eighteen months. The new Barge Office will be of brick, 108 feet front by 32 feet deep. It will be two stories high, with raised centre pavilion and a tower on the northwest corner about 75 feet high, which will be used as a lighthouse. In this building will be the offices, reception-rooms, closets, etc., and

ample exits for the passengers. In the rear of and adjoining this building will be a large structure of iron and glass conforming to the shape of the lot, having a front of 176 feet on the adjoining slip and 168 feet on the river. The outer inclosure of this building will be of rolled beams filled in with corrugated sheet iron. The roof, supported by heavy wrought iron trusses and pillars, will be corrugated iron and glass, the centre portion being raised about eight feet above the other for purposes of light and ventilation. The foundation of the building will be of piles, with an intervening layer of concrete. Within the shed portion above described there will be every convenience for the examination of baggage and the comfort of passengers. On the river-front there will be a large entrance for passengers, and upon either side of this two smaller ones for baggage. A roadway extends around the structure, and upon either side of the building are numerous doors, through which the baggage will be passed to the wagons after its examination.

## MISS LOUISE W. KING.

THIS exemplary lady, whose portrait we give on this page, was the daughter of ex-United States Senator John P. King, of Georgia. Her sudden decease in December last, at the residence of her father, in Augusta, came with crushing effect upon her relatives and friends. A happy home was blighted and bereft of its brightest treasure, and the city and State of her nativity loses a philanthropist and a woman whose bright example shone through her labors and precepts.

Miss King was the founder of the Georgia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and by her personal exertions and earnest advocacy obtained the passage of a charter and laws to sustain her noble undertaking. Several branches of the Society are now in operation in different parts of Georgia.

The influence of the good deeds of this excellent lady will survive when the generation to which she belonged has passed away, and serve as a beautiful model for all who appreciate the obligations of mercy and humanity towards the suffering, of whatever race or degree.

## A ROMANTIC LAWSUIT.

A CURIOUS case has just been engaging the attention of the Paris tribunals. A young man, who lived in a small town in the wilds of the Russian Steppes many years ago, gradually improved in his business until he at length emerged on the Bourse as the great M. Meyer Garfunkel, the happy possessor of a fortune of several millions of francs. He had married a Muscovite of rare beauty—Mlle. Rosalie Loury—and he ended by adopting another Mlle. Loury, whom his wife gave out to be her sister. In 1876 M. Garfunkel died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his wife and adopted daughter, but excepting therefrom the sum of 1,500,000 francs, which was bequeathed to a Mme. Rabinovitz, living at the town of Bodmiz, in Russia. Now, this Mme. Rabinovitz has a curious history, according to her own showing. She declares herself to be the only daughter of M. Garfunkel, by a widow named Taoule, whom he wedded in his poorer days, when he was known as Meyer. In support of her pretensions, Mme. Rabinovitz presents several letters written to herself by the millionaire, in which he addresses her as *ma chère unique et bien-aimée fille*, and on the strength of it she claims not merely the million and a half left her by M. Garfunkel, but also the money bequeathed to



MISS LOUISE W. KING, FOUNDER OF THE GEORGIA SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



the two Lourys. It appears that, according to the French law as well as the Russian, no one is allowed to adopt a child while he has one still living. Hence M. Garunkel's act was utterly illegal, supposing Mme. Rabinovitz, or Rebecca, as she was called, to have been his child. A most romantic and sensational lawsuit has, therefore, originated out of this case.

## THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

### CHAPTER XII.

IN an interval of no more than three weeks what events may not present themselves? what changes may not take place? Behold Amelius, on the first drizzling day of November, established in respectable lodgings, at a moderate weekly rent. He stands before his small fireside, and warms his back with an Englishman's severe sense of enjoyment. The cheap-looking glass on the mantel-piece reflects the head and shoulders of a new Amelius. His habits are changed; his social position is in course of development. Already he is a strict economist. Before long, he expects to become a married man.

It is good to be economical; it is (perhaps) better still to be the accepted husband of a handsome young woman. But, for all that, a man in a state of moral improvement, with prospects which his less favored fellow-creatures may reasonably envy, is still a man subject to the mischievous mercy of circumstances, and capable of feeling it keenly. The face of the new Amelius wore an expression of anxiety, and, more remarkable yet, the temper of the new Amelius was out of order.

For the first time in his life, he found himself considering trivial questions of sixpences, and small favors of discount for cash-payments—an irritating state of things in itself. There were more serious anxieties, however, to trouble him than these. He had no reason to complain of the beloved object herself. Not twelve hours since, he had said to Regina (with a voice that faltered, and a heart that beat wildly), "Are you fond enough of me to let me marry you?" And she had answered, placidly (with a heart that would have satisfied the most exacting stethoscope in the medical profession), "Yes, if you like." There was a moment of rapture, when she submitted for the first time to be kissed, and when she consented (on being gently reminded that it was expected of her) to return the kiss—once, and no more. But there was also an attendant train of serious considerations, which followed on the heels of Amelius when the kissing was over, and when he had said good-by for the day.

He had two women for enemies, both resolutely against him in the matter of his marriage.

Regina's correspondent and bosom-friend, Cecilia, who had begun by disliking him (without knowing why), persisted in maintaining her unfavorable opinion of the new friend of the Farnabys. She was a young married woman; and she had an influence over Regina which promised, when the fit opportunity came, to make itself felt. The second, and by far the more powerful hostile influence, was the influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Nothing could exceed the half-sisterly, half-motherly goodwill with which she received Amelius on those rare occasions when they happened to meet, unembarrassed by the presence of a third person in the room. Without actually reverting to what had passed between them during their memorable interview, Mrs. Farnaby asked questions, plainly showing that the forlorn hope which she had associated with Amelius was a hope still firmly rooted in her mind. "Have you been much about London lately?" "Have you met with any girls who have taken your fancy?" "Are you getting tired of staying in the same place, and are you going to travel soon?" Inquiries such as these she was, sooner or later, sure to make when they were alone. But, if Regina happened to enter the room, or if Amelius contrived to find his way to her in some other part of the house, Mrs. Farnaby deliberately shortened the interview and silenced the lovers—still as resolute as ever to keep Amelius exposed to the adventurous freedom of a bachelor's life. For the last week his only opportunities of speaking to Regina had been obtained for him secretly by the well-rewarded devotion of her maid. And he had now the prospect before him of asking Mr. Farnaby for the hand of his adopted daughter, with the certainty of the influence of two women being used against him, even if he succeeded in obtaining a favorable reception for his proposal from the master of the house.

Under such circumstances as these—alone, on a rainy November day, in a lodging on the dreary eastward side of the Tottenham-court-road—even Amelius bore the aspect of a melancholy man. He was angry with his cigar because it refused to light freely. He was angry with the poor deaf servant-of-all-work, who entered the room, after one thumping knock at the door, and made, in muffled tones, the barbarous announcement, "Here's somebody a-wantin' to see yer."

"Who the devil is Somebody?" Amelius shouted.

"Somebody is a citizen of the United States," answered Rufus, quietly entering the room. "And he is sorry to find Claude A. Goldenheart's temperature at boiling-point already."

He had not altered in the slightest degree since he had left the steamship at Queenstown. Irish hospitality had not fattened him; the change from sea to land had not suggested to him the slightest alteration in his dress. He still wore the huge felt hat in which he had first presented himself to notice on the deck of the vessel. The maid-of-all-work raised her eyes

to the face of the long, lean stranger, overshadowed by the broad-brimmed hat, in reverent amazement. "My love to you, miss," said Rufus, with his customary grave cordiality; "I'll shut the door." Having dismissed the maid with that gentle hint, he shook hands heartily with Amelius. "Well, I call this a juicy morning," he said, just as if they had met at the cabin breakfast-table as usual.

For the moment, at least, Amelius brightened at the sight of his fellow-traveler. "I'm really glad to see you," he said. "It's lonely in these new quarters, before one gets used to them."

Rufus relieved himself of his hat and great-coat, and silently looked about the room. "I'm big in the bones," he remarked, surveying the rickety lodging-house furniture with some suspicion; "and I'm a trifle heavier than I look. I shan't break one of these chairs if I sit down on it, shall I?" Passing round the table (littered with books and letters) in search of the nearest chair, he accidentally brushed against a sheet of paper with writing on it. "Memorandum of friends in London to be informed of my change of address," he read, looking at the paper as he picked it up, with the friendly freedom that characterized him. "You have made pretty good use of your time, my son, since I took my leave of you in Queenstown Harbor. I call this a reasonable long list of acquaintances made by a young stranger in London."

"I met with an old friend of my family, at the hotel," Amelius explained. "He was a great loss to my poor father when he got an appointment in India; and now he has returned he has been equally kind to me. I am indebted to his introduction for most of the names on that list."

"Yes?" said Rufus, in the interrogative tone of a man who was waiting to hear more. "I'm listening, though I may not look like it. Git along."

Amelius looked at his visitor, wondering in what precise direction he was to "git along."

"I'm no friend to partial information," Rufus proceeded; "I like to round it off complete, as it were, in my own mind. There are names on this list that you haven't accounted for yet. Who provided you, sir, with the balance of your new friends?"

Amelius answered, not very willingly, "I met them at Mr. Farnaby's house."

Rufus looked up from the list with the air of a man surprised by disagreeable information and unwilling to receive it too readily. "How?" he exclaimed, using the old English equivalent (often heard in America) for the modern "What?"

"I met them at Mr. Farnaby's," Amelius repeated.

"Did you happen to receive a letter of my writing, dated Dublin?" Rufus asked.

"Yes."

"Do you set any particular value on my advice?"

"Certainly!"

"And you cultivate social relations with Farnaby and family, notwithstanding?"

"I have motives for being friendly with them, which—I haven't had time to explain to you yet."

Rufus stretched out his long legs on the floor, and fixed his shrewd, grave eyes steadily on Amelius.

"My friend," he said, quietly, "in respect of personal appearance and pleasing elasticity of spirits, I find you altered for the worse—I do. It may be Liver or it may be Love. I reckon, now I think of it, you're too young yet for Liver. It's the brown Miss—that's what 'tis. I hate that girl, sir, by instinct."

"A nice way of talking of a young lady you never saw!" Amelius broke out.

Rufus smiled grimly. "Go ahead!" he said. "If you can get vent in quarreling with me—go ahead, my son."

He looked round the room again, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Descending to the table in due course of time, his quick eye detected a photograph placed on the open writing-desk which Amelius had been using earlier in the day. Before it was possible to stop him, the photograph was in his hand. "I believe I've got her likeness," he announced. "I do assure you I take pleasure in making her acquaintance in this sort of way. Well, now, I declare she's a columnar creature! Yes, sir; I do justice to your native product—your fine, fleshy, beef-fed English girl. But I tell you this: after a child or two, that sort runs to fat, and you find you have married more of her than you bargained for. To what lengths may you have proceeded, Amelius, with this splendid and spanking person?"

Amelius was just on the verge of taking offense. "Speak of her respectfully," he said, "if you expect me to answer you."

Rufus stared in astonishment. "I'm paying her all manner of compliments," he protested, "and you're not satisfied yet. My friend, I still find something about you which reminds me of meat cut against the grain. You're almost nasty—you are! The air of London, I reckon, isn't at all the thing for you. Well, it don't matter to me; I like you. Afloat or ashore, I like you. Do you want to know what I should do, in your place, if I found myself getting a little too close to the brown Miss? I should—well, to put it in one word, I should scatter. Where's the harm, I ask you, if you try another girl or two, before you make your mind up? I shall be proud to introduce you to my slim and snaky sort at Coolspring. Yes, I mean what I say; and I'll go back with you across the pond." Referring in this disrespectful manner to the Atlantic Ocean, Rufus offered his hand in token of unalterable devotion and goodwill.

Who could resist such a man as this? Amelius (always in extremes) wrung his hand with an impetuous sense of shame. "I've been sulky," he said, "I've been rude, I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I am. There's only one excuse for me, Rufus. I love her with all

my heart and soul; and I'm engaged to be married to her. And yet, if you understand my way of putting it, I'm—in short, I'm in a mess."

With this characteristic preface, he described his position as exactly as he could, having due regard to the necessary reserve on the subject of Mrs. Farnaby. Rufus listened, with the closest attention from beginning to end, making no attempt to disguise the unfavorable impression which the announcement of the marriage-engagement had made on him. When he spoke next, instead of looking at Amelius as usual, he held his head down, and looked gloomily at his boots.

"Well," he said, "you've gone ahead this time, and that's a fact. She didn't raise any difficulties that a man could ride off on—did she?"

"She was all that was sweet and kind!" Amelius answered, with enthusiasm.

"She was all that was sweet and kind," Rufus absently repeated, still intent on the solid spectacle of his own boots. "And how about Uncle Farnaby? Perhaps, he's sweet and kind likewise, or perhaps he cuts up rough? Possible—is it not, sir?"

"I don't know; I haven't spoken to him yet."

Rufus suddenly looked up. A faint gleam of hope irradiated his long, lank face. "Mercy be praised! there's a last chance for you," he remarked. "Uncle Farnaby may say No."

"It doesn't matter what he says," Amelius rejoined. "She's old enough to choose for herself; he can't stop the marriage."

Rufus lifted one wiry, yellow forefinger, in a state of perpendicular protest. "He cannot stop the marriage," the sagacious New Englander admitted; "but he can stop the money, my son. Find out how you stand with him before another day is over your head."

"I can't go to him this evening," said Amelius; "he dines out."

"Where is he now?"

"At his place of business."

"Fix him at his place of business. Right away!" cried Rufus, springing with sudden energy to his feet.

"I don't think he would like it," Amelius objected. "He's not a very pleasant fellow anywhere, but he's particularly disagreeable at his place of business."

Rufus walked to the window and looked out. The objections to Mr. Farnaby appeared to fail, so far, in interesting him.

"To put it plainly," Amelius went on, "there's something about him that I can't endure. And—though he's very civil to me, in his way—I don't think he has ever got over the discovery that I am a Christian Socialist."

Rufus abruptly turned round from the window, and became attentive again. "So you told him that—did you?" he said.

"Of course!" Amelius rejoined, sharply. "Do you suppose I am ashamed of the principles in which I have been brought up?"

"You don't care, I reckon, if all the world knows your principles," persisted Rufus, deliberately leading him on.

"Care?" Amelius reiterated. "I only wish I had all the world to listen to me. They should hear of my principles, with no bated breath, I promise you."

There was a pause. Rufus turned back again to the window. "When Farnaby's at home, where does he live?" he asked, suddenly, still keeping his face towards the street.

Amelius mentioned the address. "You don't mean that you are going to call there?" he inquired, with some anxiety.

"Well, I reckoned I might catch him before dinner-time. You seem to be sort of feared to speak to him yourself. I'm your friend, Amelius—and I'll speak for you."

The bare idea of an interview struck Amelius with terror. "No, no!" he said. "I'm much obliged to you, Rufus. But, in a matter of this sort, I shouldn't like to transfer the responsibility to my friend. I'll speak to Mr. Farnaby in a day or two."

Rufus was evidently not satisfied with this. "I do suppose, now," he suggested, "you're not the only man moving in this metropolis who fancies Miss Regina. Query, my son: If you put off Farnaby much longer—" He paused and looked at Amelius. "Ah," he said, "I reckon I needn't enlarge further; there is another man. Well, it's the same in my country; I don't know what he does, with you; he always turns up with us, just at the time when you least want to see him."

There was another man—an older and a richer man than Amelius; equally assiduous in his attentions to the aunt and to the niece; submissively polite to his favored young rival. He was the sort of person, in age and in temperament, who would be perfectly capable of advancing his own interests, by means of the hostile influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Who could say what the result might be, if, by some unlucky accident, he made the attempt before Amelius had secured for himself the support of the master of the house? In his present condition of nervous irritability he was ready to believe in any coincidence of the disastrous sort. The wealthy rival was a man of business, a near city neighbor of Mr. Farnaby. They might be together at that moment; and Regina's fidelity to her lover might be put to a harder test than she was prepared to endure. Amelius remembered the gentle, conciliatory smile (too gentle by half) with which his placid mistress had received his first kisses—and, without stopping to weigh conclusions, snatched up his hat. "Wait here for me, Rufus, like a good fellow. I'm off to the stationer's shop." With those parting words he hurried out of the room.

Left by himself, Rufus began to rummage the pockets of his frockcoat—a long, loose, and dingy garment which had become friendly and comfortable to him by dint of ancient use. Producing a handful of correspondence, he selected the largest envelope of all, shook out on the table several smaller letters inclosed,

picked one out of the number, and read the concluding paragraph only, with the closest attention.

"I inclose letters of introduction to the secretaries of literary institutions in London and in some of the principal cities of England. If you feel disposed to lecture yourself, or if you can persuade friends and citizens known to you to do so, I believe it may be in your power to advance in this way the interests of our Bureau. Please take notice that the more advanced institutions, which are ready to countenance and welcome free thought in religion, politics and morals, are marked on the envelopes with a cross in red ink. The envelopes without a mark are addressed to platforms on which the customary British prejudices remain rampant, and in which the charge for places reaches a higher figure than can be as yet obtained in the sanctuaries of free thought."

Rufus laid down the letter, and, choosing one among the envelopes marked in red ink, looked at the introduction inclosed. "If the right sort of invitation reached Amelius from this institution," he thought, "the boy would lecture on Christian Socialism with all his heart and soul. I wonder what the brown Miss and her uncle would say to that?"

He smiled to himself, and put the letter back in the envelope, and considered the subject for a while. Below the odd rough surface, he was a man in ten thousand; no more single-hearted and more affectionate creature ever breathed the breath of life. He had not been understood in his own little circle; there had been a want of sympathy with him, and even a want of knowledge of him at home. Amelius, popular with everybody, had touched the great heart of this man. He perceived the peril that lay hidden under the strange and lonely position of his fellow-voyager—so innocent in the ways of the world, so young and so easily impressed. His fondness for Amelius, it is scarcely too much to say, was the fondness of a father for a son. With a sigh, he shook his head, and gathered up his letters, and put them back in his pockets. "No, not yet," he decided. "The poor boy really loves her; and the girl may be good enough to make the happiness of his life." He got up and walked about the room. Suddenly, he stopped, struck by a new idea, and looked at his watch. "It's still early in the day," he thought; "I have plenty of time before me. Sooner or later I'm bound to include myself in that family circle—why not do it now?"

He sat down at the desk, and wrote a line, in the event of Amelius being the first to return to the lodgings: "Dear Boy—I don't find her photograph tells me quite so much as I want to know. I have a mind to see the living original for myself. Expect my unbiased opinion when I come back—Yours, RUFUS."

Having inclosed and addressed these lines, he took up his greatcoat—and checked himself in the act of putting it on. The brown Miss was a British Miss. A strange New Englander had better be careful of his personal appearance before he ventured into her presence. Urged by this cautious motive, he approached the looking-glass, and surveyed himself critically.

"I doubt I might be the better," it occurred to him, "if I brush my hair, and smelt a little of perfume. Yes, I'll make a toilet. Where's the boy's bedroom, I wonder?"

He observed a second door in the sitting-room, and opened it at hazard. Fortune had befriended him, so far; he found himself in his young friend's bedchamber.

The toilet-table of Amelius, simple as it was, had its mysteries for Rufus. He was at a loss among the perfumes. They were all contained in a modest little dressing-case, without labels of any sort to describe the contents of the pots and bottles. He examined them one after another, and stopped at some recently invented French shaving-cream. "It smells lovely," he said, assuming it to be some rare pomatum. "Just what I want, it seems, for my head." He rubbed the shaving-cream into his bristly iron-gray hair, until his arms ached. When he had next sprinkled his handkerchief and himself profusely, first with rose-water, and then (to make quite sure) with eau-de-cologne used as a climax, he felt that he was in a position to appear agreeably to the senses of the softer sex. In five minutes more, he was on his way to Mr. Farnaby's private residence.

(To be continued.)

## THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

VISIT OF THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DEPUTATION TO MEXICO.

(Continued from front page.)

In the final siege by the Spaniards, Cortez, despairing of otherwise subduing a place where every house was a fortress and every street was cut up by canals, reluctantly determined to destroy the whole city which he called "the most beautiful thing in the whole world." With the aid of his multitudinous Indian allies, whose hatred of the Aztecs led them to work with zeal, in a few weeks seven-eighths of the city was leveled to the ground, and the canals filled with rubbish. Soon after the siege Cortez began to rebuild the city on its present plan. During its occupation by the Spaniards, from 1521 to 1821, the most remarkable events in the local history of Mexico were five great inundations in 1553, 1580, 1604, 1607 and 1629, caused by the overflowing of the neighboring lakes. To prevent the recurrence of these inundations, a great drain was dug through the hill of Nochi-tango, by which the waters of the river Cuautitlan were led out of the valley instead of falling into Lake Texcoco. This work which was completed in 1789, after more than 100 years of labor, is about twelve miles long, from 100 to 130 feet deep, and between 200 and 300 feet wide. The last flooding of the capital occurred in 1865. At the corner of Callifon de Espiritu Santo and Segunda Calle de San Francisco, a grotesquely-carved animal's head marks the height attained by the flood in 1620.

The Mexico of to-day usurps the site of the Mexitli of Montezuma. Mexico ranks amongst the largest cities of the Western Hemisphere, and with its steeples, towers and domes, presents from what



ever direction approached, a magnificence unsurpassed in the world. The valley in which it stands is forty-five miles long, by thirty miles broad, and it contains 700,000 inhabitants. Its climate is temperate, never exceeding 70°, or going below 50° Fahrenheit. The longest day is thirteen hours and ten minutes, the shortest ten hours and fifty minutes. The population of the city is now about 250,000, but to question a Mexican on this subject involves a reply, or, rather a series of replies, akin to Sir John Falstaff's statements in reference to the men in buckram. The streets are at right angles from north to south and east to west. Each line of streets has the mountains that surround the valley for a background, and in the early morning, or just when the sun has set behind the western range, these giant warders seem in the clear atmosphere as though they were at the very gates. The city is divided into eight *cuarteles mayores*, or large wards, and thirty-two smaller, comprising 245 blocks or squares, 330 streets, and 130 *calles* or lanes. The water supply is the same as that laid on by Montezuma; the *agua gorda* or thick water is conveyed by aqueduct from Chapultepec, and the *agua delgada*, or light potable water, from the southwest. The valley contains the lakes of Chalco, San Christobal, Zumpango, Xaltocan and Xochimilco, six lakes covering an area of fifty miles. The Lake of Tezcuco, nearest the city, is a mere marsh, and scarcely navigable for craft larger than the "dugouts" of the Indians. Mexico has been called "Anhuac"—By the Waters—from its topographical position. The buildings, which are of pink, yellow and green, are lofty and massive, and pervaded by a harmonious unity of conception seldom seen elsewhere. The streets are lighted by gas, but gas is an unknown quantity in stores, private houses, hotels and theatres. In the vast lurid, oil lamps and candles served but to render darkness visible. The atmosphere is light and of a rare transparency, and the sky of a blue, fuller and keener than that of Italy. The rarified atmosphere tells upon the new-comer, especially while ascending stairs. To behold the deputations puffing and blowing as they toiled upwards seemed to afford exquisite and unbounded delight to the grinning *muchachos*. A young American lady, a resident, informed me that for several weeks after her arrival she could not walk, owing to the difficulty experienced in breathing. Our physician, Dr. Rice, had his hands pretty full for the first few days with colds, coughs, catarrhs, headaches and low fevers. "Quinine to the rescue!" was his watchword, and quinine did effectually ward off the insidious advances of the enemy. I thought of Catherine of Russia and the dipt candle as I applied the friendly and old-fashioned grease to the bridge of my olfactory organ. This was my balm of Gilead. It was cold, yes, bitterly cold 'o nights, and an extra blanket—7,600 feet above the level of the sea—became an object of interest. One word more and I'll to my tale. Of the natives, the whites are the least numerous element in the city, the *Mestizos* and pure-blooded Indians forming by far the largest proportion. The various public vendors, mulatters, water-carriers and domestics, are commonly Indians or *Mestizos*. The *porfirioso*, or Mexican beggar, is not very strongly represented. He asks alms in the name of God—*por Dios*—hence his appellation; but the *lepero*, or ragged vagrant, is perpetually "on hand." He is cheerful and light-hearted, with the gaiety of a son of Naples and the drollery of an Irish peasant. The foreign element is numerically of no account, but its influence is paramount. France comes first, then in order Germany, Italy, Spain, America, England, Switzerland and Austria. The English residents cling tenaciously to banking, and to the interests appertaining to the railway from the capital to the coast. With this brief *resumé* I shall hasten back to the doings of the American Industrial Deputation.

The Hotel Iturbide, at which "we lay"—to use an early English expression—was formerly the palace of the ill-fated Emperor of that name. Up to a certain point in his career he was a mild form of Washington, but the fiery curse of ambition led him to accept the imperial crown, and he fell, as angels do, never to rise again. On the 24th of August, 1821, he achieved the independence of his country, and entered Mexico at the head of a victorious army, the *trijuntes*—(green, red and white) the national colors—and on the 19th of July, 1824, he was shot as a traitor. I saw the old flint guns that did the bloody deed. They are gracefully hung against the wall in the armory of the Palacio del Gobierno, and on the same wall are the seven rifles whose deadly bullets chilled for ever the lifeblood of the hapless and now regretted Maximilian. The remains of the latter were restored to "kin beyond the sea"; those of Iturbide lie encoffined in a crystal urn in the cathedral of Mexico. Iturbide's portrait adorns the tapestried walls of the palace and the *adobe* supports of the *hacienda*. The picture is the man. It represents a mild, meek, querulous, elderly gentleman, with vacillating expression and Micawber mouth—an individual not fit to rule a puppy-dog. He is attired in a uniform gorgeous as the plumage of a Chiquihuita cockatoo, and his breast is adorned with orders that would cause tears of bitter envy to course down the cheeks of the Herzog of a fourth-rate German principality. Peace be to his ashes.

A large section of the deputation was lodged in the Iturbide, the remnant seeking shelter at the San Carlos, the Gilloro, and the Comofort. Somehow or other the residents at the ex-palace strode in and out of the princely portals with more or less of an imperial swagger; they lounged, too, about the entrance, and posed in the *patio*, while the minor hotels betrayed as much of bustle and animation as a Quaker meeting-house in the "wee sma' hours" of the night. In this *patio*, or courtyard, the members of the deputation most did congregate. Here were indignation-meetings held; here were appointments made—to be broken, for your Mexican is not always on time, and "mañana," or to-morrow, is his golden-sanded hour-glass; here were knockknacks purchased, and here was the notice board to inform us of the when, where and how.

The day subsequent to our arrival was devoted to unmitigated staring; 7 A. M. found us on the Calle Plateros staring at everything for the bare life, from a stunted policeman, still wrapped up to the eyes in his *rebozo*, to a *ranchero* in full *charro* emerging from some dingy, foul-smelling courtyard, for his morning ride to Chapultepec or Tacubaya. The Calle Plateros is the Broadway of Mexico. It is narrow, "curved with a pavement," and each block possesses a distinct and separate nomenclature. It is the main artery from the Alameda to the Plaza Mayor, and from rosy morn to dewy eve it is full of light and life. Fancy a long, straight street, lined by irregular architecture, from the lordly mansion, blue-tiled, gold-balconied, scarlet-blinded, to the dingy, flat-roofed, two-storied stone, a strip of shade like a cooling bath upon one side, and liquid sunshine upon the other, with shafts of pale gold at the intersection of the cross streets, and at both ends the glories of tropical verdure, and you have the *calle* of a thousand-and-one names, but which I mean to designate as the Plateros all through the piece. Like crows in a garden of glorious color did the deputation appear, as in hats that had been "under the weather" in every State in the Union and solemn black frocks—the "correct thing" at

meeting or on 'Change—they wandered along this kaleidoscopic thoroughfare, staring their commercial eyes out at everybody and at everything, taking two hundred cents worth of gape-need for each almighty dollar. The stores on the Plateros have a perky Parisian appearance, not that of the palatial establishments upon the boulevards, but rather of the third-class streets, where "Arry," fresh from London, and cultivating a mustache, loves to lounge in search of *la bonne fortune*, while the goods exposed for sale bear the undeniable piquancy of French manufacture. The Café Concordia—the Delmonico's of Mexico—became pretty well known to the deputation. Hither they repaired for their morning coffee, and at night for their *taquila* punch. *Taquila* is distilled from the famous *pulque*, and a judiciously blended punch so closely resembles a "hot Scotch," that I mean to mystify a hard-headed son of the "Land 'o Cakes" residing in New York, through the medium of this enticing beverage, and to challenge him to say whether the spirit is that of Islay, Glenlivet or Farintosh. At the corners of the intersecting streets are to be found Indians in picturesque costumes and Japanese attitudes, squatted before immense bouquets, chiefly consisting of violets, "deeply, darkly, desperately blue." These violets are gathered on the *Chinampas* or floating gardens, and brought to the city at early morn along the Viga Canal in dugout canoes. I measured one of the floricultural mounds. It stood twenty-four inches high, its diameter being thirty inches. In faltering tones I demanded its price. Think of this, Mr. Lazarus of Covent Garden! Ponder well, Mademoiselle Fifiue La Tour of the Marché aux Fleurs! Twenty-five cents—yea, twenty-five cents for about five thousand fragrant, delicious, appealing violets! What would such a bouquet cost in New York at this hour of writing? Unhappily the Indians are given to considering that the violets are too simple, and consequently they spoil the perfect tone-poem by the introduction of some inharmonious, death-dealing color. How one swarthy, beady-eyed, *rebozo*-wrapped female gazed at me as I inserted a bunch of my favorite flowers in my buttonhole. I was the only man in Mexico that day thus decorated.

The Plateros—I linger in this street, because along this causeway I shall presently lead the deputation into the presence of President Diaz, at the Palacio del Gobierno—the Plateros, I say, is thronged during the day, save at *siesta*, with carriages, and such carriages!—great, lumbering vehicles, a cross between a used-up diligence and a Dublin cab—drawn by horses compared with which Don Quixote's *Rosinante* might safely reckon upon carrying off the blue ribbon of the Derby—and in default of horses, mules with ears as long as the whips of their exasperated drivers. I speak of the public vehicles, for some of the private would stand the test of Fifth Avenue, Rotten Row or the Bois de Boulogne. As is usual with carriage-keeping people, the weak point is the raiment of the coachman. Here he wears what he likes, the *sombrero* being the only uniform article. He smokes, and crosses his legs in the box, and if the weather be oppressive, I doubt not but that he toots along in his shirt sleeves. I met one English coachman, and his straight back, his faultless collar and scarf, his coat fitting like a Jovian glove, his hat on three particular hairs, and, above all, his mode of handling the ribbons ought to give the Mexicans a lead, but "they won't take it, sir," he said, "they like their own ways and they will 'ave 'em."

The señoras and señoritas never go on foot; they drive to early Mass, they drive a-shopping. The Plateros is filled with carriages drawn up to the sidewalk, while obsequious clerks stand bare-headed, displaying such wares as may happen to tickle the fancy of their high mightinesses, their customers; and the great unwashed cast wistful glances at goods and equipages, as the tide rolls by. Carriage visits are paid in the afternoon, and then comes the crowning event of the day, the drive in the Paseo, of which more anon.

Strange sights are to be seen in the Plateros. *Hacendados* and *rancheros* in their broad-brimmed *sombreros* and leather *chaquetas*—jackets—and silver-frogged breeches, through the outside seam of which loosely roll white flowing drawers, swaggering along the sidewalk, their great spurs jingling, their silver ornaments dangling. Indians trotting onwards, the man bearing live stock and fruit in a wicker-frame case, attached to his back by means of a flat bandage adjusted to his forehead; the woman her child slung in the folds of her blue *rebozo*, both her arms engaged in carrying the day's, or maybe the week's provisions. Water-carriers, fruit-sellers, tatterdemalion soldiers followed by their slatternly wives, munging *tortillas*; mules and asses driven by half-naked men and boys, their feet baked white in the hot dust, their limbs bronzed and seemingly cast in bronze; *muchachos* bearing furniture upon their heads—a piano will be carried twenty-five miles by four men in a day; a demure señorita, prayer-book in hand, and clad in the picturesque *mantilla*; swells, in short-tailed coats, and high-heeled boots, and narrow-rimmed hats, languidly smoking cigarettes through silver holders; *Chinas* with black and green patches on their temples, cures for the headache; *leperos* of half-breeds hawking toys or glazed crockeryware; companies of foot soldiers, attired in white, their uniforms sadly in need of the necessary offices of needle and thread, shuffling along on their *guacharaz*, or sandals—they seldom wear shoes or stockings—shouldering the President's beloved Remingtons; civil guards, trotting on thoroughbreds, in buff and steel, with sword and matchlock, recalling the days of Cromwell's Ironsides, and occasionally a troop of cavalry, such as Bazaine loved to lead against the dusky sons of the Afrie desert while Metz was still La Pucelle; small, lean, wiry, falcon-eyed daredevils, every one of them. These were amongst the sights that met the gaze of the deputations as they moved along the Plateros en route to the Palacio del Gobierno.

The Plateros leads to the Plaza Mayor, the grand square of the city. This square is of oblong shape, 270 yards long and 200 wide. Its northern side is entirely occupied by the cathedral and Sagrario. The cathedral is erected on the very spot where the conqueror found and destroyed the Aztec pyramid and temple dedicated to the Mexican god. Cortez gave this site to the Franciscan monks to build a church on. The first cathedral, built in 1530, was demolished. The construction of the body of the present edifice was commenced in 1573, and the building was completed in 1667, at a cost of \$1,762,000, the Crown of Spain paying the little bill. The towers were completed in 1791 by Damián Ortiz, an American architect, at a cost of \$194,000. The bases of its columns are cut out of the Aztec idols found in the *teocalli*. The cathedral measures from north to south 426 feet, and from east to west 200. The height of the roof is 175 feet, the height of the towers 200 feet, and their width (square) 32½ feet. The gates of the basilica are of the Ionic and Doric orders. The cathedral presents a very majestic appearance, crested as it is by a superb dome and elaborately wrought twin towers. The Sagrario is too florid to command more than artistic comment. Laid into the wall at a height of five feet nine inches from the pavement, on the west side of the cathedral, is the famous

Aztec calendar, carved out of a block of basalt, and weighing twenty-five tons, its diameter being twelve feet six inches. It has occupied its present site since 1790, and is supposed to date back to 1279. From this calendar stone the system of ancient Aztec astronomy has been preserved to us. The Palacio del Gobierno stretches along the eastern side of the plaza, on the western a row of houses supported by a colonnade called Los Portales de Mercaderes, and on the south side stands the Casa de Cabildo, the seat of the *Ayuntamiento*, or municipal body. The centre of the plaza, thanks to ill-fated Carlotta, is planted with umbrageous trees, always in leaf, beneath which are beds of glittering flowers, marble seats and fountains. An elevated stand occupies a prominent position, and here bands, such as Theodore Thomas might fairly sigh to conduct, discourse Beethoven and Lecocq, Wagner and Offenbach—stepping from the sublime to the bouffe, from the sonata to the fandango.

In the *patio* of the Iturbide was a notice-board, and on this board the manager, from time to time, posted the programme of procedure. The first official announcement informed the deputation that a grand theatrical entertainment would be held in their honor upon the evening of Wednesday, the 15th of January, at the Teatro Principal, and the second, that the President would receive them at the palace upon Thursday, at 11 A. M. *Costume de rigueur* in broad daylight is very trying, and it tried and convicted us without leaving the box. Waiters know how to dispose of their hands and legs and feet, but an ordinary man suddenly impressed into a claw-hammer, tight boots and tighter kids, in a blaze of sunshine, becomes possessed of the feeling that his attire simply consists of the three articles just mentioned, and he suffers spasmodic awakenings accordingly. In ramshackle carriages we proceeded up the Plateros, across the Plaza Mayor, and entered the courtyard of the Palacio, built in 1693 on the spot where Cortez had constructed a palace for himself, and which served for a residence for the Spanish Viceroy to 1692, when it was destroyed by fire. It occupies the entire length of the eastern side of the plaza, and measures 2,867 feet of an architecture that, to say the least of it, is exceedingly tame. After the destruction of Mexico City, Charles V. placed this site at the disposal of Cortez, and in the lordly dwelling-house erected by the intrepid desperado was a single apartment capable of containing 3,000 persons. The palace contains the President's official apartments and offices, the cabinets of the ministers, the headquarters of the military commander, a barracks, the treasury, and archives of the nation, while the *patio* would seem to be the happy hunting-ground of those burr-like parasites known in other countries as "waiters on Providence."

We ascended a steep, stone stairway, very dingy, and very dilapidated, till we reached a long corridor, the walls simply whitewashed. At the extremity of this corridor we were received by an usher, who conducted us through a singularly unpretentious-looking, dismal anteroom, the furniture very old and very worn. A double door upon the right, through which a blaze of sunlight fiercely streamed, led into the Reception Room or Salon de Iturbide. This apartment is lofty and charmingly proportioned. It is lighted by three deeply-alcoved windows. The ceiling is of cedar, laid flat upon open oaken beams, richly gilt. The walls are hung in crimson damask, the Mexican imperial arms in relief on every panel, together with the motto, "Equidad en la justicia." From the ceiling is suspended a Venetian mirror, worthy of the palace of Marino Faliero. The carpet is Aubusson, soft and caressing, and despite the vile, cheap, tawdry rugs, with which it is wantonly encumbered, it maintains the prestige of high caste. The mirrors are old, cheap-looking, and out of place. A very handsome marble mantelpiece supports a genuine Louis Quatorze clock, and one by which the Grand Monarque may have set his pocket timepiece, as it bears the genuine imprint of glittering Versailles. The furniture is of rosewood, upholstered in scarlet silk. A centre-table of rosewood with a marble slab is ornamented with an epergne of dead silver, the fruits and flowers exquisitely wrought. Around the walls hang proof-prints representing scenes in the life of Napoleon the First, and alone in its glory the portrait of Iturbide in kaleidoscopic uniform, surmounted by such a crop of decorations as would lead one to imagine that they had fairly colonized upon his manly breast. The apartment reminded me of the reception-room at Chiselhurst which "the man of Sedan," fallen Caesar, had decorated somewhat after the same fashion—the imperial cipher all over the walls, the gold heading all over the window-shutters and doors, and, above all, that carpet all over the room.

The President stood with his back to the light, and at a respectful distance his Cabinet. In complexion he is of a sunken brown, his eyes are large and dark, honest and fearless, with an inner softness that persistently creeps into them, especially when he smiles. His nose is straight, the nostrils expanded. His mouth is firmness itself—it means unconquerable resolution, and a tenacity of purpose that recognizes obstacles but for the purpose of overcoming them. The chin is hard and square. He shaves to his black, tufted mustache. His hair is close-cut, soldier fashion, and is crispy and grizzly. He is over the middle height, with broad shoulders, and a slim waist. His hands and feet are very small. He was attired in a black frock coat and vest, black pants, white shirt, with plain gold studs, and a black tie. His watch-chain, his only ornament, was of turquoise and gold. The President of the Deputation having been duly introduced, the members of the deputation stood in a semi-circle while Mr. Fisk read an address prepared by our Executive Committee for the occasion. This was interpreted by Colonel Whiting, the manager of the excursion, who is thoroughly conversant with the Spanish tongue. President Diaz replied in what is conventionally styled "suitable terms." Then came more interpreting, and an American flag was handed to the hero of Puebla. After this expression of mutual good-will, the ladies were presented, and at their high heels the gentlemen of the party. The Press, at the desire of President Diaz, were made known to him separately and individually. On this occasion he was good enough to pay the proprietor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a very handsome compliment; but as I had the honor subsequently of being received by him at breakfast, I shall reserve his particular utterances until I come to his inner life. We now moved in a body into the Council Chamber. This apartment is imposing from its great length, since it runs one-half of one wing of the palace. At the southern end is a dais carpeted in claret-colored velvet. A golden canopy with draped curtains of claret velvet stands against the wall, beneath the canopy a throne and six chairs of state, crimson silk and gold. The Mexican arms, wrought in silk, hang over the throne in a glazed frame. Right and left, extending along the dais, are chairs of state to the number of twelve. In the corners are superb candelabra, fifteen feet high, composed of china and gilt bronze, and of great value. The ceiling is flat, with gilt cedar beams. Venetian mirrors hang along the walls, and at intervals full-

length portraits of the Presidents, including Hidalgo, Juarez, Matamoros, Morelos, Iturbide, Gaerero, Arista, and our own George Washington. The portrait of Diaz, painted by a Mexican artist, Sanchez, is admirable, both as regards likeness, tone and finish. He is in uniform, dark gray, with a raised collar worked in gold, gray waistcoat and a blue waist-sash, ornamented with gold braid. He grasps a telescope. Near him is a mounted orderly and a dismounted cannon. Two lions, life-size, couchant, in Puebla marble, also ornament this tunnel-like apartment. The deputations paid visits to the members of the Cabinet, who received in their respective bureaux—that of Señor Riva Palacio reminding me of Lord Beaconsfield's in Downing Street, the surroundings being costly, artistic and all-satisfying to the eye. Tauced holds that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

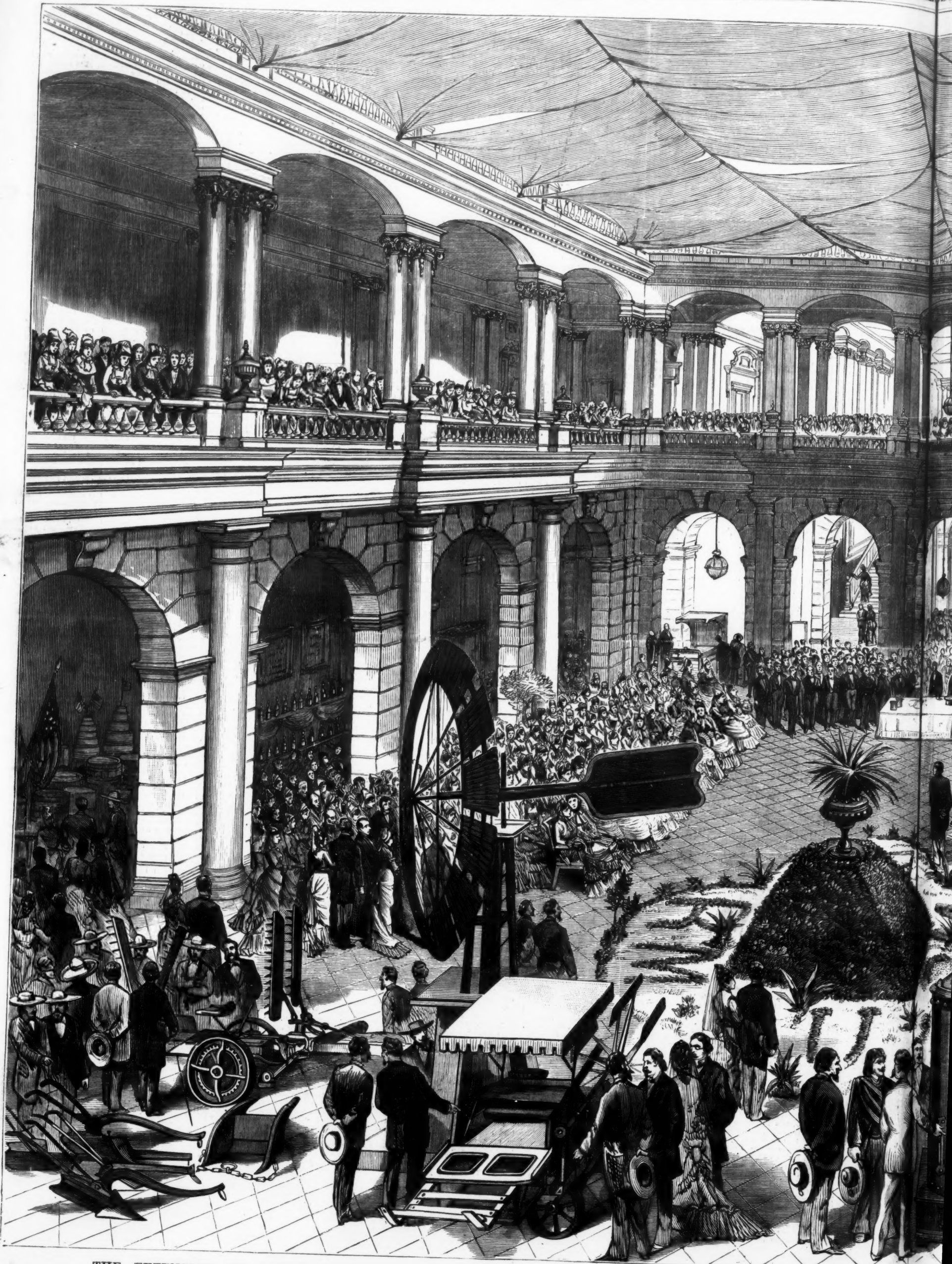
Such of the deputations who had ventured upon bringing exhibits, with a view to developing the resources of the Mexicans, became considerably exercised as the day approached upon which the opening of the Exhibition was to take place, and when it was announced that the President with his Cabinet and all the *notabilidades* of the city of Montezuma would attend the ceremony in state, the excitement gradually rose to something akin to fever heat. The Minería, or School of Mines, the building allotted for the purposes of the Exposition, is externally a handsome stone structure of some pretensions, while internally its proportions are singularly striking and imposing. The large *patio*, or open court, is surrounded by a colonnade of arches, and these are surmounted by a gallery, the roof being supported by pillars. The gallery is approached by a massive and elegant double stairway. Over the *patio* was stretched a canvas awning which subdued the blazing sunlight to a muffled voluptuous haze. Beneath the arches, the American exhibits were displayed on long wooden counters, the Mexicans courteously exposing their wares in the upper portion of the building. The centre of the paved floorway was decorated with a bed of the greenest of moss, upon which, in glowing flowers, flamed the letters E. U. A. and E. U. M. lovingly entwined—*Estados Unidos Americanos* and *Estados Unidos Mexicanos*. I could gain no definite information as to the date of the erection of the Minería. One gentleman informed me that it was four hundred years old; another that he recollected when the foundations were being laid; and it is thus that statistics are gleaned 7,600 feet above the level of the sea. The Minería is an establishment where Young Mexico receives a gratuitous education in the higher branches, the mineral college from which it derives its name being part and parcel of the erection. In the lecture-room were busts of eminent Mexicans, together with specimens of the mineral wealth of the country. In a corner of this apartment stood a telegraph-machine, through which a most courteous and intelligent official was ready to convey messages free to any part of the republic, but beyond it—no. The representative of a New York firm, whose goods had been detained at Vera Cruz, worked this instrument to some purpose as he hurled anathemas at the heads of the Vera Cruzian authorities at intervals not exceeding ten minutes, and until he received a reply intimating that his exhibits had cleared the jaws of that shark-like port. Amongst those who exhibited at the Minería were the Messrs. Rogers, of John Street, New York, who are under contract to supply Mexico with post-office boxes. Only fancy, there is not a single postman in the City of Mexico and no delivery! If a letter comes to you, your name is advertised in a large placard in a back yard. Opposite your name is a number. You return to the office and howl this number at a clerk, who stands behind a set of bars as though in a prison or a cage. He may utter the cabalistic word *Mañana*—to-morrow—or he may wag his head with the sagacity of a Lord Burleigh—in any case you must wait; and then if you hail from the other side of the Rio Grande, you must prepare your twenty-five cents per quarter ounce, this being the postage from greedy Vera Cruz. Messrs. Rogers have also contracted—the result of this visit—to supply water-pipes to the city. Mr. Henry Prouse Cooper, the merchant tailor of Broadway, exhibited a stock worthy of Poole or Smallpage, and succeeded in measuring the illustrious person of the President for a suit of clothes that will cause sighs of envy amongst the Cabinet when Porfirio Diaz attends a meeting in his new-fledged garments. Mr. Kelly, of Chicago, "a wild, mad wag Hal," rivaled the splendor of the sun that daily sets behind the Sierras, by the lustre of his chromos. The Anhausen Lager was displayed to considerable advantage, while Cincinnati hams were cut up daily by Mr. Davis for the delectation of those who chose to partake of free lunch. However, despite the beer and ham, the railroad supplies seemed to possess the stronger fascination, and the good citizens would hang over and fondle a driver, or a polished bolt, while the tea-services of the Granite Company of St. Louis and the prints exhibited by Mr. Bowen were viewed with scarcely so much as a passing regard. As I shall discuss the merits of the exhibits in detail further on, I shall proceed to the ceremony of the opening.

Porfirio Diaz is as punctual as Victoria Guelph, and at eleven o'clock precisely the guard of honor stationed at the gates of the Minería presented arms and the band struck up the national anthem—which, *par parenthèse*, is not particularly melodious or yet forcible—as the President, accompanied by the members of his Cabinet, entered the *patio*. Here were assembled some four hundred ladies and gentlemen, the ladies all in feeble Parisian toilets, instead of the graceful *mantilla* or *vela*, the *peira* and the eloquent *abanico*. Everybody arose as the Presidential party approached, and everybody sat down when the Presidential party sat down. Diaz goes to business at once, and, without any preliminary whatever, intimated that he was prepared to hear Mr. Fisk's address. Mr. Fisk, who is a tolerably cool hand—a Kentucky lawyer—took the hint, and, adjusting his spectacles, delivered himself of the address with which the public is already familiar. The allusion to cementing the alliance between the two republics by means of intermarriage was received with considerable favor and applause. The President replied, reading his reply, and then came a speech from Señor Ayacu, the Gambetta of Mexico, as full of rhetoric as a Home Ruler, and rich in trope, allegory and metaphors. The St. Louis Granite Company now came to the front, and presented Señor Diaz with a superb tea set of this celebrated ware; then the band played a fandango, and the President hastily quitting his chair of state, proceeded on a visit of inspection around the American exhibits.

#### Wheat Shipments to England.

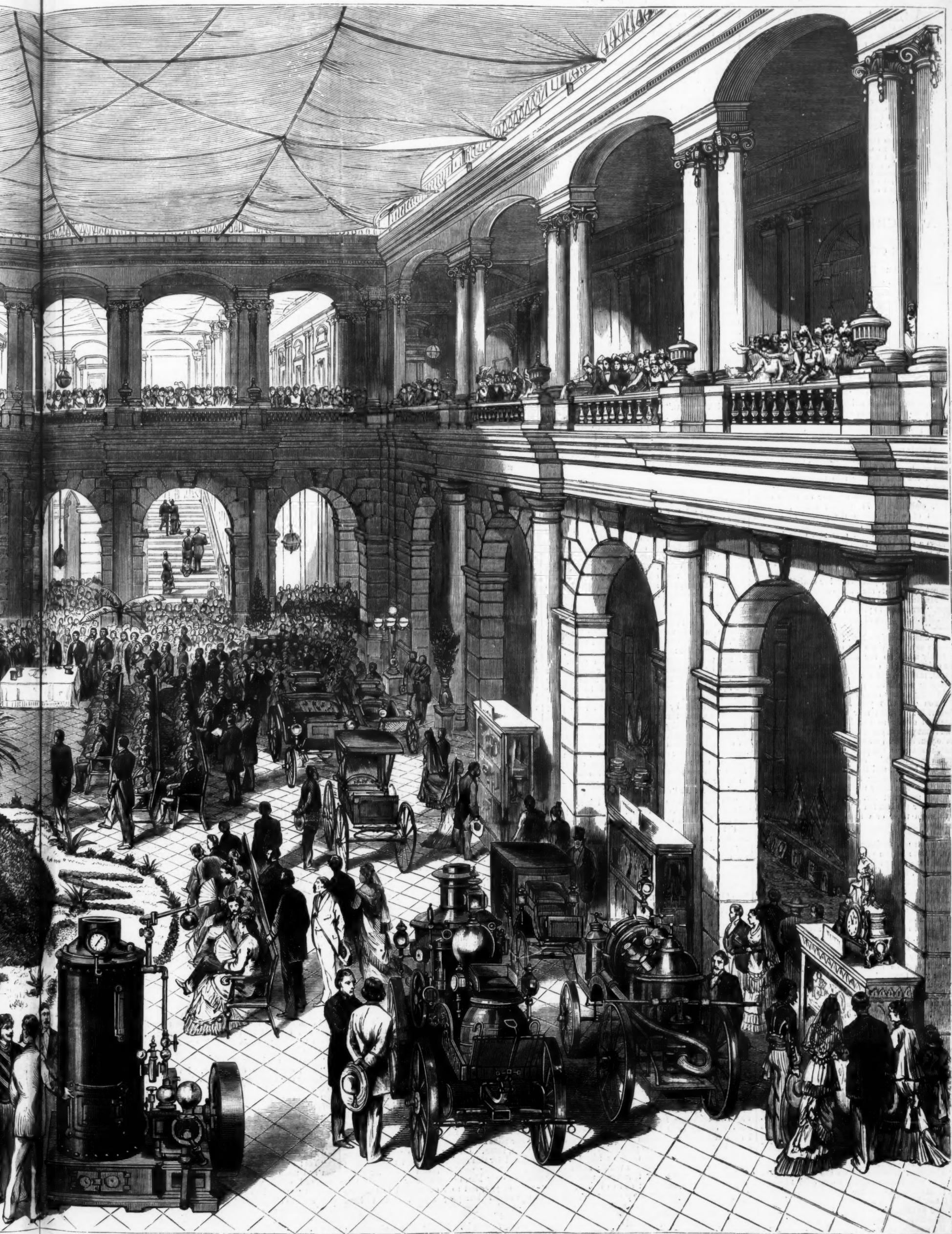
From returns made up in England, it appears for the nine months of last year, ending October 1st, there were imported into England 42,182,101 cwt. of wheat, or about 78,000,000 bushels. The remarkable fact in the return is that nearly two-thirds came from the United States. Of the 42,182,102 cwt., 25,112,939 came from the United States, as we find by adding the shipments from the Pacific side to those from the Atlantic side.





THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.  
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN





TO MEXICO—PRESIDENT DIAZ OPENING THE EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES AT THE SCHOOL OF MINES.  
BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE FRONT PAGE.



## THE SAFEGUARD.

A BABY crept to his father's knee,  
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,  
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he,  
And his little head fell peacefully  
At ease on the ready shoulder there.  
While the baby hand, so soft and fair,  
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said that when men drew near  
To fierce temptation or deadly strife,  
And lost their way in a maze of fear,  
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,  
By a way unknown an angel hand  
Would lead them out of the dangerous land  
Into the light of a noble life.

The story is true for the world to-day:  
We see no white-robed angels mild;  
But out of the dark and perilous way  
Where men and women forget to pray,  
Into the peace of a purer land  
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand—  
The hand of a little, helpless child.

A SECRET MARRIAGE  
AND  
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES,"  
"WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

## BOOK FOURTH.

LADY ROLLINGFORD'S SECRET.

## CHAPTER XII.—MADAME DE FLEURVILLE.

THE room into which Mrs. Champion and her friend, Mrs. Cassilis are shown on the following day is not the elegant boudoir into which we have already twice penetrated, but a larger saloon, hung with black satin, and surrounded by Venetian mirrors framed in silver, which forms the first of her suite of apartments, and which, doubtless, Madame de Fleurville has so arranged, by its quaint style and solemn ornamentation, for the express purpose of awing her visitors, before giving them admittance into her especial sanctuary.

Soon the door leading into the inner rooms is thrown open, and Madame de Fleurville, attired in a loose but gorgeous wrapper of white cashmere, embroidered in gold, the long, flowing fringes of which sweep the ground as she advances, walks into the room.

When her deep black eyes rest upon her two visitors a cold shiver runs through her frame, and for a moment she is unable to utter a single word, but remains standing before them, silent and motionless, as if in a dream.

Mrs. Champion, perceiving her confusion, musters courage, and is the first to speak.

"Madame," she says, advancing two or three steps, "permit me to present myself and my friend; I am Mrs. Champion of Liberty Hall, and this lady is—"

"I know already—Mrs. Cassilis," the Frenchwoman says, with the air of a woman who has suddenly made up her mind; "and I can guess the object of her coming to my house. Pray be seated, madame, and speak with entire confidence."

Saying which, she politely points to the sofa, and taking a chair seats herself close beside them.

"You say that you know me, Madame de Fleurville?" Louisa now begins, endeavoring to speak as calmly as her feelings will allow her, "and that you can guess the errand that has brought me to your house; perhaps you will be kind enough, then, to spare me the pain of being the first to approach the subject." She pauses for a moment as if to take breath, and then, lifting her eyes for the first time, and looking her rival full in the face, she adds, "You know my husband?"

"Yes, madame; Mr. Cassilis has been a friend of mine for the last ten years; and, believe me, I have not a truer or a more devoted one in this world."

"Ah!"

"Pardon me, madame, I meant not to give you pain. I have known your husband for many years, and I have always found him a true and worthy friend; but, by that heaven which we both expect one day to gain, I swear to you that he has never been anything more to me—and never will!"

There is so much feeling in these words, so much nobility and pathos, that Louisa cannot control a sigh of relief when she hears them.

"I believe you, madame," she says, breathing more freely, and as if a great weight had been removed from her heart. "I believe you; yet how is it that my husband is always to be found with you, and that he passes the greater part of his time in your house?"

"You speak, madame, as if you held me responsible for your husband's actions. If he choose to come to my house, and if he have the bad taste to prefer my society to yours, how can I prevent it?"

"But you encourage him, you invite him," Louisa now ventures to say, emboldened by the actress's mild words and pleasant smiles.

"I encourage him! Far from it; I never encourage any man. I despise them too much for that; they are, one and all, unworthy of our regard, and your husband, madame, allow me to say, is no better than the rest."

"You despise Rupert! You have the heart to speak like this of him, and he loves you; and it is for you that he abandons his wife and his home, for you that he would sacrifice his life and his honor!"

"You love your husband, though you know how unworthy he is of your love?"

"Yes; I love him."

"Alas, then it would be no use my trying to prove to you how unworthy he is even of your pity! My heart bleeds for you—I know what it is—I, too, have loved a man like that!"

"And he despised your love?"

"No—he loved me as much as I loved him."

"He was the husband, I suppose, of some one else?"

"No—he was my husband."

"He got tired of you, and left you, then, as mine has done?"

"Oh, no, madame; it was I who left him," Zoé exclaims, tears gathering in her eyes. "I left him, though I loved him better than life, better than paradise, and I left him, not to dishonor him—oh, no!—but to return to him that honor which he had but too readily sacrificed for my sake."

"But you say that he was your husband?"

"I will tell you all—yes, all. I will open my heart to you, and then you will see whether you ought not rather to pity than to despise me."

Resuming her seat, Madame de Fleurville, not noticing, or rather appearing not to see, the strange look of weary disdain which has spread itself over Louisa's face, speaks in a low but thrilling voice, and as if she intended every word that came from her lips to sink deep into the heart of her youthful listener.

"I am not so young as you doubtless take me to be. I was born many years ago. I was born in one of the southern provinces of France, and of very poor and illiterate parents. I will spare you the history of my childhood; it was one of sorrow and misery. I will commence the history of my life here, in Paris, where I was sent whilst yet a mere child. I have told you that I was poor and ignorant, and I was but a mere servant-girl; yet I was pretty, bright, and coquettish, and it was not long before my master noticed me and began to speak to me of love. I was very young, no one had ever addressed me thus before, and he was a grand seigneur, and very handsome—yes, very handsome, though he was no longer young—and then the thought that I, a mere peasant girl, could have inspired a proud aristocrat, a thorough man of the world, with love made me forget everything. I was so ignorant and so young! One day, seduced and deceived by his promises, for the wretch even swore that he would marry me, I yielded to him. It was not my fault, I scarcely knew what I was doing; his promises, his soft words, his looks of devotion, had turned my head; and yet how I have suffered for it since! Great God! I must not think about it."

Passing her hand over her eyes, as if she would banish from her the recollection of her past, Madame de Fleurville pauses for a moment in the narration of her story; and then fixing her large, black eyes upon the footstool at her feet, as if she would rather not meet her visitor's gaze at that moment, continues:

"Our liaison did not last very long; the count's mother, who was my mistress, soon discovered what was going on, and, acting on an impulse of rage, she ordered me out of her house, and closed her door upon me for ever. Her son, however, promised to take care of me, and I—fool that I was—believing still that he intended one day to marry me, submitted to everything, and even felt proud in my heart of all the miseries I had to undergo for his sake. He took a pretty, little apartment for me on the other side of the Seine, in a quiet and seldom-frequented neighborhood, and he engaged masters who came daily to instruct me and to teach me music, dancing, and other accomplishments. What pains I took to learn all these things! Oh, I was so anxious to become in every way worthy of being his wife! But, at last, one day I learnt the fatal truth—my base seducer had never intended to marry me, and I, my poor young heart torn with grief, and blinded by indignation and hatred for him—I left him. I ran away from the house he had taken for me in a feigned name—for that man did everything in an underhand way—and I have never seen him since. Blinded by despair, I forgot all my good resolutions, and threw myself headlong into the arms of my unlucky fate. Men were attracted by my accursed beauty, and the money which I found so difficult to obtain by the work of my hands was thrust upon me for one look of my eyes. You can imagine the rest—ah, madame, there are many losses that are bitter enough, but there is not one so bitter as the loss of the right to *resent*!—and you wonder that I despise mankind!"

"In less than two years after this I became one of the most fashionable women in Paris. I led a gay and brilliant existence, I possessed carriages and horses and diamonds; and the proudest ladies of the imperial court imitated my dresses and my style. Yet I was not happy, my soul rose above all these frivolities; dearly as I loved show and comfort, I longed for peace and self-respect, and in the midst of all my triumphs I could not help feeling how lawless and despicable my life was. One day, at the Opera, my eyes rested upon a young fellow whose frank, honest eyes were turned towards me. It was a fair, noble face—a face such as I had seldom seen before—and the strange look in his eyes, as they met mine, seemed to condemn and pity me at one and the same time. That look was a revelation to me. Until then I had fascinated men, and ruined them, without feeling one pang of remorse, however slight. I hated them too much to trouble myself about them. They came to me, and they sacrificed everything for me of their own accord, and I felt a secret joy in the thought that that beauty which had lost me could, in its turn, scatter ruin and misery amongst them. But the face of that English boy was the first to awaken in me a sense of my wrong-doing, and after that I was always seeing that face in my dreams—that face with its clear, pure, blue eyes that seemed, as I said before, to condemn me and to pity me at one and the same time. One day I flung myself at the feet of a priest, and I confessed all my sins to him; and soon after this, acting upon his advice, I advertised in the papers for a situation, and, as I only asked for very moderate wages in exchange for the rudimentary instructions I could give in French, music and dancing, I soon obtained a situation which I believed in every way would suit me to perfection. It was in an island of the northern seas—an island which seemed to me almost out of the world; and I was to live with a noble and thoroughly respectable family as one of themselves; and so I went. But, alas, my cruel fate pursued me even there. The young fellow, whose handsome face I had remarked so often at the Opera in Paris, came to stay there as a visitor. He did not recognize me, fortunately, but he did worse—he fell in love with me; and I, for the first time in my life, knew that my heart no longer belonged to me. I loved

that boy as I shall never be able to love again. I loved him with all my heart and soul, and I would have died rather than have caused him the smallest pang; and yet my unhappy fate ordained that I should be the cause of his ruin and death!"

As she says this, Zoé's eyes are filled with tears, and Mrs. Champion, who has been sitting at a little distance, now approaches, and takes a seat closer to her; her eyes, too, are beginning to fill with tears, and her breast rises and falls as if unable to conceal her emotion.

"Ignorant of my past—ignorant of who I was, and regardless of everything save his great love—he offered me his hand and his name, and I—blinded by love as I had before been by despair, and believing that my past would now be forgiven and forgotten, and that I could brave the whole world in his arms—I agreed to marry him. Yes, it was wrong—very wrong; I should never have married him! We were very happy for some months—indeed, I can say that those were the only happy days I have ever experienced; but one day some friends of his came to our island, and told him who I was. My dream was over. By the way he received the dreadful news I knew that all must be at an end between us—fortunately our marriage had been a secret one; no one knew that he was married, not even his father, for at my particular request he had agreed to keep it a secret until his father's death—so I determined to fly from him. I wrote a letter telling him all, and assuring him that our marriage was not a legal one, and at the time I firmly believed such was the case—for we had not been married in a church, and we were of different religions—but since then I have discovered that in Scotland even such a marriage as that is a binding one; and rushing to the village close by, I bribed two or three fishermen to convey me in their small fishing-boat across the sea to Holland; and without seeing him again, I left him, as I then thought, for ever."

"My first care on landing in Holland was to seek a convent. 'In the house of God alone,' I said to myself, 'is one's past entirely forgotten and all one's sins forgiven—there, before the Almighty, all are alike, and Christ does not scorn to take a bride even from the dregs of society. At last I did find a convent, though it was only a very poor one, where I could rest my weary frame. And now, from the extremes of luxury, indolence, indulgence, pleasure and extravagance, I found that I had come to the extremes of hardship, poverty, rigid discipline, suffering and toil. From a life where every wish was gratified, I came to a life where every privation had to be endured. Yet I would have undergone all this with patience and submission, for I was ready to do penance for my sin to the very last, and, if needs were, to starve myself to death to atone for it; but I had not been many months in this convent when the nuns discovered that I was about to become a mother. In vain did I tell them that I had been properly married, and that this child God had given me was no child of sin. The reputation of the convent, they told me, required that I should be expelled; and so, regardless of my miserable condition, and utterly careless of the great wrong they inflicted upon me, they publicly expelled me from their cloisters! Ah, am I not the most unhappy woman you ever knew?"

Mrs. Champion's keen gray eyes have been wandering from one to the other of these two women all this time; neither of them, however, seemed to pay any attention to her; but had they done so they would have seen an expression of agony in her handsome, classic face, such as no physical misery had ever brought there.

Zoé de Fleurville, too, seems unusually oppressed, a ghastly paleness has overspread her handsome face, and a cough, against which she has been vainly trying to struggle for some time, now interrupts her frequently; yet Louisa—though she has been listening with gradually increasing attention to this strange history, and something within her seems to draw her proud little patrician heart towards this poor woman—now raises her head, and forgetting everything but her own wrongs, and remembering that she is actually in the presence of the woman for whom Rupert has abandoned her, she gives way at last to her oppressed feelings, and exclaims in heartrending accents:

"You call yourself the most unhappy woman in the world! Ah, if you knew my history! What are your sufferings compared with mine?"

"Madame," Zoé says, rising from her chair and advancing a few steps towards Louisa, "I know your history, and though I feel for you from the bottom of my heart, yet I maintain that I am the most to be pitied, for, though the world has indeed treated you harshly, through all your sorrows you still have a husband who loves you."

"Loves me—when he spends his life in courting your favors!"

"Yes, madame, he loves you still; though, as you say, he passes his life courting my favors—and it is I, Zoé de Fleurville, who tell you so."

It is now Louisa's turn to rise and to confront Madame de Fleurville.

"What mean you, madame?"

"Listen. When I left my husband's side I swore never to love again. I have kept my promise for twenty years—I have never loved any other man. But a few months ago I saw Rupert Cassilis again, for the first time after many years; great changes had taken place in him, for when I had last seen him he was a mere boy; and directly I met him again I felt that I loved once more—all my old passion returned to me. I felt myself ready to do anything to win his love, but I knew that he was your husband, and so I tried to conquer my feelings. I smothered my passion as best I could, but not for his sake—no, for yours!"

"For mine?"

"Yes, listen. I knew that he was your husband, and for this reason only I hid my love from him, and never permitted him to see it; yet I wanted to try him, to see whether he really was worthy of you, and so I endeavored to fascinate him without betraying myself, and I have found—"

"What?"

"That, though he evidently takes a pleasure in my society, and often comes to my house, his heart is all the time true to you—that he loves you, although he scarcely realizes it himself; and since

then all my care has been to endeavor to show him the true state of his feelings, and to bring that reaction upon him that shall send him a truly penitent husband back to your feet."

"You have done this for me! For me—a woman you have never seen in your life! Why? Madame de Fleurville, why?"

Zoé de Fleurville, without taking her eyes off Louisa, throws herself at Mrs. Champion's feet, and, in a voice which no longer tries to conceal her emotion, cries:

"Shall I tell her, Mrs. Champion—shall I tell her?"

"Yes," the divine Dorothea answers, rising from her seat and lifting her from the ground. "Yes—the moment has come at last—it is better she should know all. She has suffered enough already on account of this horrible mystery, which until now has deprived her of a mother's heart and a mother's love. It is for this that I have brought her here, that you may yourself tell the secret which I have promised never to reveal; but which a thousand times already I have been on the very point of disclosing to her."

"Mrs. Champion, what means this? Who is this woman? For heaven's sake tell!"

"Can you not guess, Louisa?" Zoé exclaims, devouring her with her eyes. "Does not your heart tell you?"

"My heart—great God, can it be—no—oh, no!"

"Yes, Louisa, yes! You ask me why I have sacrificed myself for you—why I have endeavored so hard to make your husband love you while I myself loved him all the time; it is because—oh, Holy Virgin, assist me! Louisa, Louisa! turn not from me! have pity upon me! forgive me, Louisa—it is—because I am your mother!"

## BOOK FIFTH.

FRANK'S TWO WIDOWS.

## CHAPTER I.—HOW LOUISA FINDS HER MOTHER.

HER mother! So this is the end of all her ambitious dreams, of all her long-cherished visions of a palatial home and an illustrious birth. She, who believed herself the child of a royal princess, is but the daughter of a Princess of Tulle!

Poor Louisa has indeed suffered a mighty and crushing blow; yet at the sight of this beautiful woman, whose deep earnest eyes seem fixed upon her, as if her very life depended upon the way in which she may take the harrowing revelation she has just made, and whose heart-rending emotion is but too easily discernible in her handsome proud countenance, which so resembles her own in its unmistakable southern traits, Louisa cannot find it in her heart to scorn her.

For some time the three women are too greatly moved to utter a single word, for Mrs. Champion, whose noble heart is ever ready to sympathize with the sorrows and joys of others, shares their emotion; but presently thinking that perhaps both Louisa and her mother dread to be the first to speak, or that their hearts are too full for utterance, she, in a tender voice, says:

"I have kept my promise to both of you, though I have found it no easy matter to do so. To you, Marie—for you will allow me to address you by your real name now, will you not?—I promised to look after your daughter, and to watch over her, as you alone would have done could you have been near her. And to your dear child I promised to bring her one day into her mother's arms. Now my task is done; for, in spite of Lady Rollingford's precautions, and without breaking the promise which I once, many years ago, made her, of never revealing to any one the secret of your birth, which I alone knew, besides herself, I have succeeded in bringing you together."

Marie, whose greater experience of life has enabled her to conquer her emotion the soonest, is the first to break the long silence which follows Mrs. Champion's low-spoken sentences.

"What a wretch I must seem in your eyes! How you must despise and blame me—you who are so true, so innocent, so pure! Ah, Louisa, my own dear Louisa, never before have I realized so fully the depths into which I have fallen! Yet surely you will not disown your mother—yet you will have some pity for her? Oh, speak, dear child, speak!"

"Mother! mother!" is all poor Louisa can find in her heart to say; but that one cry is enough to reassure her mother, and to show her that there is still a heart in her child that can feel for her with a daughter's affection, and that will enable her to overlook her past.

"You are my mother—you!" she murmurs after a long pause. "Then my father was—"

"François Reymond, Lord Rollingford."

"Oh, thank God, it was not La Mazerolle!" Louisa cries, unable to repress a cry of relief, "but then you were—"

It is Marie who finishes the sentence for her:

"His wife—his lawful wife."

"Then Lady Rollingford—"

"Was never his wife; yet, to atone for the cruel wrong I did him and his family when I married him, I urged him to take to himself another wife, and I would be the very last person in the world to stand up and say she has no right to the title she bears."

"But does she know?"

"Yes; she knows everything. Do you think that your noble father would have been so base as to have deceived her?"

"Then she knows that she was never his lawful wife?"

"She was only Lord Rollingford's wife before the world. It was partly pity for him and partly ambition that caused her to lend herself to this deception."

"And she knows who I am?"

"Yes; and that is the reason why she adopted you and made you her heiress. The name you bear, and which you have doubtless until now thought you owed to her charity, is lawfully your own, and the estates which she intends leaving you should belong to you by right. Oh, why did I marry that boy? Why did I ever love him? But you forgive me, Louisa? You do not despise me too much to call me mother?"

"Oh, no—no! I see now how cruel I have been towards you. Forgive you! Ah, it is I who—"



should ask your forgiveness! I, who for so many years have lived enjoying every luxury of life, careless of my true history, and without ever thinking that perhaps while I was feasting in the sumptuous halls of a palace my poor mother was suffering and starving, uncared for and despised." As she says this Louisa lifts up her eyes and casts a rapid glance round the apartment, when the luxury and elegance which meet her gaze in every direction cause her to shudder and tremble from head to foot.

"You are astonished to see me in such a magnificent home, Louisa. But I have not told you yet the whole story of my life. Let me finish it now; so that in future such sad topics may never more arise between us.

"When I was sent away from the convent in Holland, once more a lonely wanderer, to tread my weary way uncared for and despised by all, my mind was made up at once. Convent life had become unbearable to me—I would no more expose myself to be publicly expelled from a house where, as a penitent sinner, I had gone to endeavor to atone for my past in the world; yes, even amongst the gayest idlers in the most frivolous capital in Europe, I felt that I could better expiate my past than within those narrow walls, and amongst those even narrower hearts. So I came direct to Paris, and feeling a confidence in myself, which until then I could never have believed myself capable of experiencing, I went to the Comte de la Mazerolle, a man in whom, in spite of the gay life he leads, and the reputation he has acquired in the world for heartlessness, I had before this found a true and trustworthy friend; and to him I related my history, without, however, mentioning any names.

"I was not mistaken in my hopes. La Mazerolle listened to me with a sympathetic ear, promised to keep my secret, and offered to aid me in whatever career I might finally adopt. He lent me money, and procured me the medical attendance which in my critical state I so greatly needed—for it was for your sake, my Louisa, that I now desired so ardently to live. At last you were born, and your sweet innocent smile, that reminded me of your father's frank, honest gaze, reawakened in my heart all the courage and powers of endurance which the thought of you had first developed there, and strengthened me in my intention of remaining pure and true to myself.

"I had always felt that I possessed an inborn taste for acting, and though my histrionic powers—as I was forced to confess even to myself—were but slight, I determined to go on the stage, and to adopt that, the only career now open to me, as a profession.

"However, before I could make my appearance, even in a third-rate provincial theatre, I had to go through a preliminary course of studies, and here again had it not been for La Mazerolle's noble generosity I could not have afforded it; but he was a father to me; and though his world already began to couple our names in the daily scandals which it seems a part of its constitution to promulgate, he continued to help me, regardless of their sneers, contented that I, on my side, rising above them, should place perfect confidence and trust in his honor.

"It was while I was studying for the stage that your father and his new wife visited Paris, and the news of their arrival was soon succeeded by that of his dangerous illness. One night I saw him at the opera. How changed he looked! Death seemed painted on every feature of his beautiful young face. At the sight of him, all my old love returned—I forgot everything for a moment but that I was his wife—his lawful wife—while the woman who sat beside him, and who looked so proud and stately, was a miserable impostor, who had robbed me of my place; and that he had once loved me with one of those true all-absorbing passions which may kill, but which can never die.

"Presently he raised his head and looked towards me—our eyes met, and in that one moment I saw plainly that his heart still yearned for me. But the sight of me was too much for him; he turned ghastly pale, and uttering a cry which made every one in the theatre turn round—and which made my heart stand still—he fell back in a swoon that seemed as horrible as death itself. I saw him taken out of the box by Lady Rollingsford and Mrs. Champion, and I afterwards heard that he was lying as if dead in the corridor, and that the doctor who had been called to attend him gave no hopes of his recovery. I could not control myself. I could not let him die without seeing him once again. I felt that if I did not obtain his forgiveness ere he breathed his last, my whole life would have been henceforth unbearable to me. I also longed to place you in his arms, and to hear him, with his own lips, pronounce a father's blessing over your innocent little head; and so I mustered up all my courage and presented myself at his hotel.

"Mrs. Champion will tell you what took place there—I feel my strength failing me fast, and I must now be as brief as possible; I will only tell you that I obtained all I had come to beg from him; that he fully forgave me; and that he not only blessed you, my darling, but that he insisted on you bearing his name, and on making you his heir to all his wealth. Lady Rollingsford—who is the most extraordinary compound of selfish pride and kindness of heart that I have ever met; and who, though she hated me with all the intensity of her peculiar nature, yet has ever been the first to render me all the services that were in her power—agreed, at his especial desire, to adopt you, and to bring you up as her daughter; and I, unable to resist his pleadings, submitted to be separated from you—as I thought, for ever—though the separation nearly broke my heart.

Here Marie is again forced to pause by the cough which her deep emotion seems to aggravate.

"You know the rest," she resumes, regaining her voice by a supreme effort over herself, though at what a cost is but too evident. "I came out as an actress in one of the provincial theatres with some success, and for some years I went from town to town, every day gaining larger and larger salaries. An engagement was offered me, after a few years, in St. Petersburg. I went; and the success I achieved there made my name famous. Still I persisted in refusing to appear either in Paris or

London; but in the course of time, being thoroughly convinced that no one could possibly recognize me—for I had altered the color of my hair, and time had wrought great changes in my personal appearance, and, above all, every one believed me dead, for I had taken great pains to have my death announced in all the papers, I signed a contract, by which I could command half the receipts of one of the principal theatres in the capital, if I consented to appear in such parts as had made my name so famous in other countries.

"My career as an actress, though not altogether free from sorrows and dangers, has been, upon the whole, a very happy one. I was no longer an innocent, ignorant girl—the slave of a but too passionate nature—my heart was dead to all soft affections, and time and experience had taught me how to evade dishonor without, however, wounding the susceptible feelings of my numerous admirers. My life has been gay and bright—perhaps, alas, fatal to my constitution; for I have spared myself no exertion—no excitement; yet, in heart, I have managed to remain as pure as I was when I left François Raymond's side, and Rupert Cassilis has been the only man for whom I have since felt anything like a tender feeling. One day—carried away by his feelings, and perhaps exasperated by my pretended coolness for him—he went so far as to make me an offer of marriage. Fortunately the thought of his inexperienced youth, and the dread of again sacrificing a noble life at the altar of my miserable fate, prevented me from accepting it. Disgusted with me, he went off to London, swearing never to see me again; and the next time I saw him he was your husband—your husband, my dearest child! and, though he once more threw himself at my feet, and swore he loved me as dearly as ever, I have exercised all my influence over him in trying to reawaken in his heart that love which prompted him to make you his wife—and I think I have succeeded."

"You think he loves me still?" Louisa cries, unable to resist this one impulse of selfishness, so natural in all who love intensely.

"Yes, my child; for last night, unable to resist his pleading voice, I confessed everything to him, and begged of him to love the daughter if it were only for the sake of her mother; when, swearing a mighty oath, he threw himself at my feet, and confessed that he loved you dearly, and that if he came to my house so often, it was only to endeavor to banish your image from his heart; for he believed that only misery could come of his marriage with you; but, now that he knew your sad story, and that he realized what your feelings would be when you learnt the truth respecting your birth, that all his days should henceforth be devoted to making us both forget the past, and in trying to render us happy."

For some moments Louisa and her mother remain in each other's arms, whilst Mrs. Champion, standing close beside them, looks down upon the ghastly countenance of the latter, and grows pale and sad, as she has never been, no, not even when she has heard the shots whizzing around her during a battle under the scorching rays of an Italian sun—or when, in a hospital, she has stood in the midst of wounded soldiers, surrounded on every side by that grim spectre, Death; for she, too, like Rupert Cassilis, realizes at last that the days of this poor woman are fast drawing to a close.

(Concluded in our next.)

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### Sketches in Afghanistan.

On Monday, December 23d, two of the British guides, who, unarmed, were standing in the Jellalabad Bazaar, were suddenly attacked by a Ghazi, or fanatic, and one of them dangerously wounded. The assassin was seized, carried off to headquarters, and sentenced to be shot at once. The provost-marshal and Major Cavagnari, with other officers, went to see the sentence executed, which took place close to the Peshawar Durwaza. The Mussulman Judge or Cadi of the town was brought out, and on hearing the facts he at once confirmed the sentence. A very large crowd was collected, and saw the ceremony. A party of five soldiers of the Rifle Brigade were the shooting party. A supply of wood was brought, and a large fire was made, into which the corpse was thrown, and more wood piled over it, so as to consume the body. The purpose of this was to prevent the rite of sepulture being performed. Another sketch represents an incident in the first day's march of the Nineteenth Bombay N.I. from Hyderabad to Jacobabad. The camels are being packed, and the camp is a scene of great bustle and confusion, everybody getting ready for a start. One of the camels who is new to the work, and on whose back the officers' provisions for some days are packed, suddenly becomes frightened. Although one of his legs is tied to prevent his getting up, he manages to scramble on to the remaining three, sending bottles and plates, eatables and drinkables, in all directions, and gurgling in his throat, and crying out all the time in a way peculiar to camels, to the great consternation of everybody, the butler in particular, under whose especial care the commissariat arrangements are placed. Not much damage is done, however, and the camel is again made to lie down, and is ultimately more successfully packed.

### Election of M. Grévy President of France.

The transmission, so simple and rapid, of the Presidential power from Marshal MacMahon to M. Jules Grévy, on the 30th of January last, was accomplished in two acts. Immediately after M. Grévy had read to the Senate the letter of resignation of the Marshal-President, both Houses were assembled together and proceeded to the election of a successor. But two formidable candidates allowed their names to be used, M. Jules Grévy, the staunch Republican President of the Senate, and General de Chanzy. The united vote of the Senate and National Assembly gave to the former 536 ballots, and to the latter 99. Proclamation of the event was speedily made; the Cabinet tendered their resignation to the new President, who urged them to remain in office, at least provisionally; and the ex-President hastened to congratulate his successor. M. Leon Gambetta was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, on January 31st, and on February 4th a new Cabinet was formed with M. Waddington as Premier. As yet there have been no demonstrations of disapproval, no bloodshed, no rioting. It is now claimed that France is in fact, as well as name, a Republic.

### The Distress in Manchester.

We present another illustration of the unusual scenes which have been witnessed during the past month or two in several towns of the manufacturing districts in the North of England, where the severe distress prevailing amongst the laboring classes has rendered it necessary

to organize special agencies for the distribution of charitable relief. The warehouse in Windmill Street, Manchester, which had been appropriated to this service, was occupied by the committee a week before Christmas Day, and no time was lost in fitting up the interior of the premises, under the superintendence of Mr. George Jackson, an active member of the District Provident Society. Hundreds of applications for soup-tickets were received within the first few days. The soup-kitchens, with three boilers, each containing 100 gallons, were soon in full operation. The business of dispensing relief here was intrusted to Mr. James Smith, who had had much experience of similar work upon the occasion of the Lancashire Cotton Famine some fifteen or sixteen years ago. Our illustration shows the scene of almost daily occurrence at the table of this establishment in Windmill Street at the hour of applying for relief.

### Sketches in South Africa.

The usual signs of festivity in a Caffre kraal is the slaughter of several sheep, which, when the members of the tribe and their friends are collected together, are cooked in their large iron pot, and eaten with great relish and appetite. The women sit apart from the men and elder boys and cook separately, and all await, silent and dignified, the commencement of the first course, when for a couple of hours it is a continuous eating and cooking. Having consumed a few pounds each, a party of men advance on a small slightly raised circle of the ground. Holding the assegai in the right hand, blanket or sheepskin carosse thrown over the left, they commence going round in a circle, chanting and marking time, the emphasis on the right foot. They strain all the muscles of the body in so doing, and contour the features of the face as they shake their assegais. At times one will leap into the centre of the circle, shooting and going through warlike motions; then, retiring to his former place, the whole party resumes the monotonous circular motion. When they are tired, a fresh lot takes their places, and so on. The women have their dance apart, and the girls also, apart from the married women, at the same time. British authorities give as the real cause of hostilities in Zululand the fear long entertained in Natal of the large military force maintained by Cetewayo. Sir Bartle Frere, as Governor-General of the British provinces and High Commissioner for all dealings with the native African races, therefore sent an ultimatum to King Cetewayo, the terms of which embraced a partial disarmament, a rectification of the frontier, the appointment of a British Resident (with a voice in the great council of the Zulu nation), and the cession of St. Lucia Bay, on the ground that it is used as a landing-place for arms and ammunition. The ultimatum limited the time for a submissive response to the 11th of last January, and no notice having been taken of the document, Sir Bartle Frere intrusted to Lord Chelmsford the disposition of the British troops. The ultimatum was read to a number of Zulu chiefs assembled on the banks of the Tugela River near Port Pearson, after a lengthy and fruitless conference with the Governor-General's commissioners.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**The Aurora Borealis.**—Professor Edlund, of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences, has recently published an exhaustive memoir on the Aurora Borealis. This is a more complete examination of the most striking phenomena of atmospheric electricity in the northern regions than any previously published. The paper has been translated and published in the *Philosophical Magazine*.

**Is Consumption Contagious?**—While waiting for the doctors to agree, Professor Gide, of Marseilles, has been trying some experiments on rabbits. He collected every day several litres of air expired by phthisic patients, and in this artificial atmosphere the rabbits were left to their own devices. They did not enjoy it, but on the contrary were evidently ill at ease. How about the good people who ate the rabbits aforesaid? The learned doctor forgot to report to the Academy before whom his memoir was read.

**Sebastine—A New Explosive.**—M. Palmeijm, of Stockholm, has invented a new explosive, to which he has given the name Sebastine. It is composed as follows:

Nitro-glycerine.....	73 parts.
Wood charcoal.....	14 "
Nitrate of Potash.....	8 "

Total.....100

The explosive force of the powder can be varied by changing the proportion of the constituents.

**Important Geographical Survey.**—At a late meeting of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society an interesting account was read of the recent explorations of M. Sievertsof and M. Mushketof, a geologist, in the Pamir plateau, in Eastern Ferghana and the Tsian-Shan Mountains. The observations of the latter traveler appear to have been both careful and valuable, especially as by visiting the Chatyr Kul Lake, M. Mushketof was enabled to effect a junction of his work with that of the late Dr. Stoliczka, of the Indian Geographical Survey, who did such useful work in that region when attached to Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission to Kashgar.

**Survey of Upper Assam.**—Captain R. G. Woodthorpe and Lieutenant Harman have lately completed some useful trans-frontier exploring work in the independent territory north of Upper Assam. A two-inch survey was extended over 1,500 square miles of country, and about 400 square miles were reconnoitred in the Ulu Hills north of Lakhimpur, and an exploration made of the course of the Dibong and Subansiri Rivers. Lieutenant Harman's chief work has been the measurement of the discharges of these streams, as well as of those of the Dibong and Brahmaputra, a survey which will go far to settle the question of the true lower course of the Sanper or great river of Tibet.

**The Inhabitants of Kafiristan.**—Kafiristan is a large mountainous tract of country north of Lughman, and above Jellalabad, which stretches into the very centre of the Hindoo Kush, bounded on all sides by hills so high that it is almost inaccessible. Its inhabitants were formerly supposed to be descended from some Greek followers of Alexander the Great; but they are now believed to be the descendants of the original inhabitants of the plains, who were gradually pushed forward into the hills. In person they are fair, and their beautiful women are found as slaves in most parts of Afghanistan. In their native country they are described as wild and barbarous in the extreme.

**A New Manganese Mineral.**—The curious mineral, called manganosite, first described by Blomstrand, of Lund, has recently been subjected to a closer examination by Klein. It occurs in dark-colored irregular grains inclosed in granular calcite; and, according to Blomstrand, they have a dark emerald green hue, while by transmitted light they appear to have a ruby-red color. The new mineral species is of interest from its consisting of manganese protoxide; the occurrence of so unstable a compound is remarkable. A freshly-fractured surface after exposure to the air for a few weeks becomes covered with a brown layer of oxide. Klein states that the mineral is cubic, and exhibits a fine dark-green color, both by reflection and by transmitted light, and arrives at the conclusion that the red color observed by Blomstrand was an effect of oxidation. The granules of manganosite, sometimes one centimetre in diameter, are imperfectly formed octahedra. The forms produced by etching the crystals are four-sided pyramids with quadratic bases.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The Tennessee Legislature has passed a law giving the laborer, a lien on the crop.

—The Legislature of Alabama has appropriated money to buy legs for all her citizens who lost them for the Lost Cause.

—From 50,000 to 60,000 camels are used in the transportation of 10,000 troops in Northern India, and the service has occasioned great mortality among the animals.

—The Russian Government has offered special privileges to such among the medical students as will volunteer to offer their services to the medical men in the localities where the plague prevails.

—A Botanical society is in course of formation at Strassburg. Its object, apart from a special study of the botany of the Reichsland, is to provide all the higher schools of the country with complete herbaria.

—The International Fine Art Exhibition at Munich is to open on July 20th, the date having been postponed from July 1st to admit of French artists sending works from the Paris Salon, which does not close till June 15th.

—The Chinese Government have purchased machinery and engaged experienced engineers and spinners in Germany to establish cotton mills in China, so as to free that country from dependence upon English and Russian imports.

—There are iron and coal veins, as well as marble quarries, in the Balkans, and it is said that traces of gold have also been found in Bulgarian streams. There is, therefore, a wide field for exercise of the energy of the new Government.

—The census returns of Germany show that out of 1,667,104 industrial establishments, only 43,513 were in the hands of persons employing more than five workmen, leaving 1,623,591 industries in the hands of individual workmen or very small capitalists.

—The Swedish Government intends to request the Washington Cabinet to order all vessels proceeding to the Aleutian Islands to search for the *Lena* and *Vega*, of the Nordenskjöld exploring expedition, which may appear at the straits early in the Summer.

—The Municipal Council of Paris appears to have refused to allow the grand equestrian statue of Charlemagne, which was recently seen at the exhibition, to be erected in one of the public places, the reason being that the hero in question was a "lamer of people."

—A COMPANY of enterprising Northern men are engaged on the Edisto River, South Carolina, in the business of catching sturgeon, the flesh of which is sent North and converted into canned salmon, while the spawn is sent to the same place, and, after being prepared and canned, returns South with a foreign trademark, and is sold as Russian caviare.

—The design for the monument to Liebig, the German chemist, has been chosen, the first prize falling to Professor Wagnmüller, of Munich. It is a sitting portrait statue upon a pedestal which will contain bas-reliefs representing scenes from the working life of the great chemist. The statue will be in marble from the Tyrol. It will be erected at Munich, while Giessen will have an exact copy in bronze.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. RICHARD M. MCSHERRY, of Baltimore, has received from King Humbert the Order of the Royal Crown of Italy, in recognition of his eminent legal services in breaking up the padrone system in that city.

LORD DUFFERIN has not been allowed to remain long without occupation. He is to take the place of Lord Loftus, who becomes Governor of the Colony of New South Wales, as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

ALL costly pomp is to be avoided in the approaching celebration of the silver wedding of the Emperor of Austria and his wife. They desire it on account of the severe depression from which the country is suffering.

THE Rev. William Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford and author of the well-known "Constitutional History of England," has been appointed Canon of St. Paul's, in place of Dr. Lightfoot, elevated to the episcopacy.

DON MARCO A. SOTO, President of the Honduras Republic, is a miracle of patriotism. Upon his election he found the country bankrupt, and used a great deal of his own large fortune in improving its condition. He moreover refuses to receive any salary for his services.

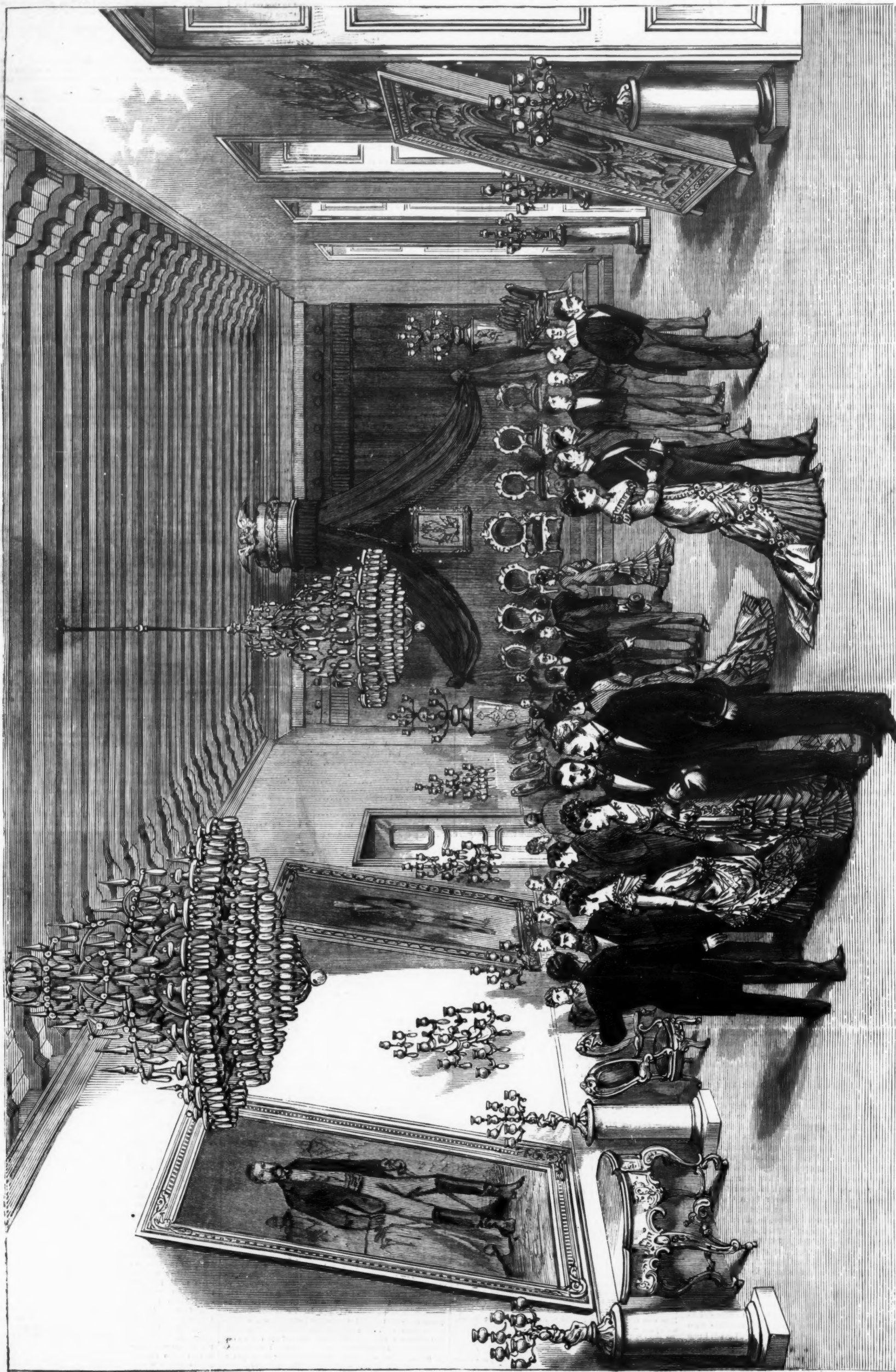
MADAME GRÉVY, the wife of the French President, has for many years been an invalid, and has therefore lived in the closest seclusion. She very reluctantly quitted her own home to go to the Elysée, the rooms of which appear to her uncomfortably large and stately. She is the daughter of M. Fraisse, one of the richest merchants of Nancy, and at the time of her marriage, it is said, her relations thought she might have done better than to marry the man who is now the ruler of a great country.

AMONG recent deaths is that of Mr. A. Anthony Gutman, of Pittsburgh, Pa., brother of Mr. Joseph Gutman, of New York. Mr. Gutman's attainments were of no ordinary sort, and for a time enabled him to fill a position of great trust, that of private secretary to Secretary of State Seward, which he held during the war. He accompanied Mr. Seward in a voyage around the world, and subsequently traveled in South America and Europe. In these wanderings, and during his secretaryship, he mastered, it is said, nine languages.

THE death is noted of Hon. Abraham B. Hasbrouck, an ex-Member of Congress, and ex-President of Rutgers College, at Rondout, N. Y., on February 23d, aged 87; Colonel Brantz Mayer, a well-known traveler and author, at Baltimore, aged 79; General Alonzo Jackson, a professor at the Norwich University, at Northfield, Vt., February 24th, aged 70; Dr. Horatio D. Sheppard, who started the first one-cent paper in the United States, at New York, February 24th, aged 70; the Rev. Enos A. Osborne, a well-known Presbyterian city missionary, at Newark, N. J., February 25th, aged 87; René Gaspard Ernest Tallandier, a noted French author and Professor of Foreign Literature at Strassburg, Montpellier and Sorbonne, aged 61.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON and retinue sailed in the steamer *Danube* from Southampton on February 27th, for the Cape, to join the British military forces in South Africa, as a volunteer. The Prince has written a letter to M. Rouher announcing his intention to join the British forces at the Cape. He says: "For the last eight years I have been the guest of England. My education was completed in the English Military School. I have strengthened my ties of friendship with the English army by taking part in its annual manoeuvres. The war at the Cape having assumed a more serious character, I have wished to follow the campaign. I could not refrain from sharing the dangers and fatigues of the troops, among whom I have so many friends. Moreover, the time spent in witnessing this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be wasted for me."





THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—THE AMERICAN VISITORS BEING SHOWN THROUGH THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.  
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE FRONT PAGE.



HON. JAMES SHIELDS,  
U. S. SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, who was elected United States Senator from Missouri for the short term on January 21st, is one of the most remarkable men of the time. He was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810, and came to this country when about sixteen years of age. After receiving a good education he settled at Kaskaskia, Ill., where he opened a law office. Since then he has been a member of the Illinois Legislature (1836), Auditor of the State (1839), a Judge of the State Supreme Court (1843), Commissioner of the General Land Office (1845-47), a United States Senator from Illinois (1849 to 1855), and from Minnesota (1858 to 1859), and Adjutant-General of Missouri (1877). In 1846 General Shields was appointed by President Polk as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and served with distinction through the Mexican War, receiving severe wounds at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec. He received the rank of brevet major-general in 1849, when he was mustered out of service. He removed to Minnesota after his term as Senator from Illinois, and after serving Minnesota in the Senate he went to California. He entered the Union Army in 1861 as a brigadier-general, and commanded a division in Banks's army in the Shenandoah Valley, where he gained the battle of Winchester, March 23d, 1862. On the previous day he received a severe wound in a skirmish. During the past few years General Shields has been a resident of Missouri. Efforts to elect him as Doorkeeper of the House, in Washington, in 1878, and to have him placed on the retired list of the army, failed, but his pension was increased to \$100 a month. The vacancy to which he has been elected was caused by the death of Lewis V. Bogy (Democrat), in 1877, and was filled up to the time of his election by David H. Armstrong (Democrat), who was appointed by the Governor.

On Thursday, February 20th, Senator Voorhees called up the resolution instructing the Committee on Pensions to report a Bill making provision for the surviving soldiers of the Mexican War, in order that Senator Shields might address the Senate on that subject.

The veteran of two wars said he thanked the Senate for giving him an opportunity to speak a few words for his old comrades of the Mexican War. The soldiers of the last war had been treated with just and very commendable liberality. The Pension Bureau had reported to Congress a larger army of Mexican veterans alive to-day than ever stood on Mexican soil at one time with arms in their hands. The wonder was that any intelligent Congress could place confidence in such a report. Throughout the whole Union to-day there were not over 11,000 Mexican veterans alive. There was one regiment from South Carolina which reached Mexico with 1,100 men. At the close of the war it numbered 220 men, and there were only eight members of that regiment living to-day. He spoke of the bravery of the American Army in Mexico and gave personal reminiscences of the war, and in conclusion appealed to Congress to give the Mexican survivors the pittance they asked for to help them along in the down-hill of life. "Give them the pittance to help them on that last march to that field from which no warrior ever returns."

#### THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY SCHOONER "EAGLE."

WE present on this page a sketch of the Coast Survey schooner *Eagle*, formerly the yacht *Mohawk*, of the New York Yacht Club, now on duty on the South Atlantic coast. After the terrible accident which occurred in New York Harbor during the Summer of 1876, the *Mohawk* was not again used for pleasuring; but some time early in 1878 she was sold at public auction, and bought by the United States Coast Survey Service for the small sum of \$18,000. She was bought with all the furniture and equipments, just as found when the yacht was raised. The saloon is furnished and fitted in the same manner, excepting the bulk-head mirrors, as when owned by Commodore Garner. The internal arrangements have not been changed. Twenty-four feet have been cut off her main boom, nine feet off her mast heads, and fourteen feet off her head booms.

The Coast Survey Service is under the direction of the Treasury Department, and the Coast Survey vessels are officered by Naval Officers detailed by the Navy Department for that duty, and manned by men shipped for that purpose. Three officers and fourteen men compose the entire crew.

The *Eagle* has been fitted out to make extensive observations on the magnetic influences on the compass. The Winter and Spring will be spent in collecting data to that end in the West Indies. Twenty-six ports situated in Florida, the islands near our coast, and Mexico, will be



HON. JAMES SHIELDS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

visited before the vessel returns to New York in July next, when, after repairing, she will pursue the same work on the coasts of New Jersey, Long Island and the New England States.

#### HIGH-TONED HOSIERY.

IN view of the belief that short dresses will ultimately be worn, English manufacturers have produced marvels in the shape of stockings. Indeed, many are quite works of art. But the embroidery on some of them is far more elaborate than beautiful, while others are just as tasteful and pretty. In fact, stockings now form a most important item in the toilet. The old design of a spear head is considered too simple-looking for the present style. Hose of black silk or Lisle thread, embroidered with white or colored floss silk, are always in

good taste. The new kinds are embroidered up the front, and not at the ankles, as before. Very small flowers, such as forget-me-nots, look far prettier for the instep and leg of a stocking than roses almost as big as sunflowers, which are not at all uncommon. Spun silk and cashmere silk hose can now be brought in every new and delicate shade, to match the costumes with which they are to be worn. Pale pink, blue, beige and caroubier are the most popular colors.

Fashion, like history, constantly repeats itself, and, as regards the wearing of flesh-colored stockings, the author of "Ella," written in 1819, says: "A fashion of pink-colored hose for ladies comes up at this juncture. Oh! the conceits which we varied upon red in all its prismatic differences. And the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion for a truly chaste writer, like myself, of touching that nice brink, and yet not tumbling over it." "I pronounced," says Charles Lamb, in reference to

these stockings, "that modesty, taking her final leave of mortals, was visible in her ascent to the heavens by the track of her glowing instep; but fashion is transient, and so is the mode which has favored us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their pristine whiteness."

That is not the least likely in our time, 1879, for white stockings are rarely ever seen indoors, far less in the streets; and the fashion of wearing shoes which display so much of the stockings makes it almost certain that the taste for colored hose will be more enduring than that Charles Lamb calls "the transient mode of a few weeks."

Then what dainty shoes there are. Almost extravagant, and quite indescribable in their elegance. They are made in every possible color, with gold or silver heels and embroidered in all styles with gold and silver thread, or beads and pearls, likewise trimmed with ruffles of lace, silk and what not.

The instep is held in place by embroidered bands of gold and silver clasps, or by ornamental knots of bright ribbons, made up in imitation of gay birds; lizards, butterflies and flowers are used to decorate the toes.

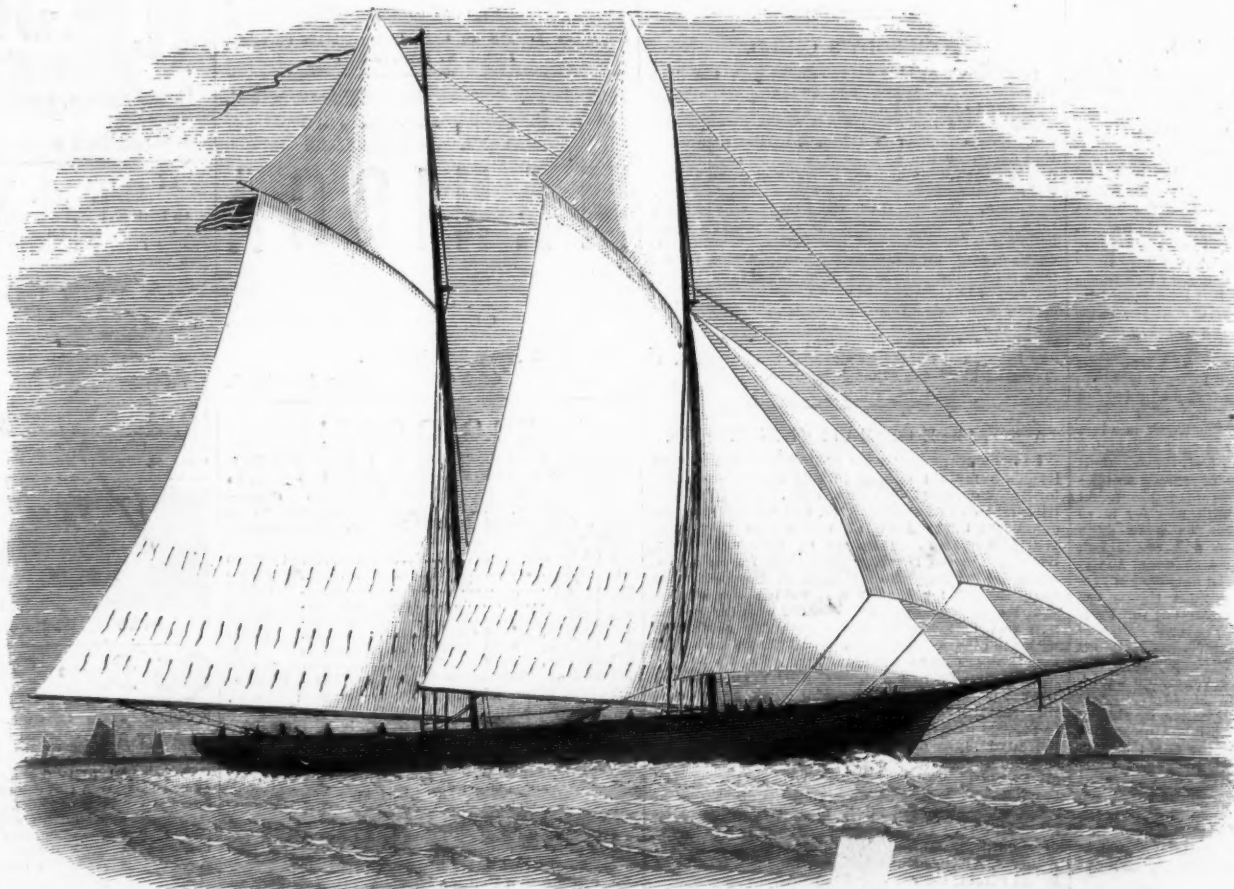
Cardinal silk stockings look extremely well worn under a pair of black velvet or satin slippers trimmed with white lace, and clasped with buckles to imitate diamonds.

#### MR. GLADSTONE.

GLADSTONE has a very winning voice, soft and grave. He expresses himself with perfect fluency, and in the finest English, never halting for a word; for even when he spins out an elaborate series of phrases intended to obscure his meaning he speaks straight on, fast or slow, according to his temper. A facetious M. P., describing the difference between Palmerston and Gladstone, as leaders of the House, remarked that when the former was asked on what day Parliament would be prorogued, he answered by naming the date straightforwardly; whereas Gladstone's style was to observe "that the prorogation of Parliament was a prerogative of the Crown, and that her Majesty had it within her discretion, subject to the advice of her Ministers, to prorogue Parliament when she pleased; nevertheless (here a cough), that it was not improbable, unless unforeseen circumstances arose, that Parliament might be prorogued on or about such and such a day." This queer method of answering, which smacks of Mr. Pecksniff, has often given Mr. Gladstone's detractors occasion to sneer at his "oiliness," and to set him down as a hypocrite. Nothing can be less merited, for a man who was not thoroughly sincere in his convictions could never have taken such liberties with his country and party as Mr. Gladstone has done. He would have been exposed long ago. Ambitious Mr. Gladstone certainly is, and he is not proof against a petty spitefulness which he has wreaked at times in a very dignified way against his great rival who supplanted him in the good graces of the constituencies in 1874; but it must be remembered that the ex-Premier feels no belief in Lord Beaconsfield. He regards him as a clever but unprincipled opponent, who is never actuated by any lofty ideal of patriotism or duty, but solely by the wish to obtain power; and in proportion as Lord Beaconsfield's phantasmagoric policy dazzles the public eye, Mr. Gladstone grows more and more impatient and ashamed at its delusiveness.

Mr. Gladstone listens on all occasions to what he thinks to be the voice of his conscience. Mrs. Gladstone told an acquaintance that during the progress of the Irish Church resolutions in 1868 her husband used to pace about his dining-room at Carlton House Terrace until far into the night, in a state of the most nervous irritability because he had been assailed by old friends who impugned his motives and warned him that he would repent of what he was doing. Having overcome all his own doubts, he could not conceive that others should be troubled by any; and as he paced about he recited fragments of speeches in a sort of adoring voice, as if he were beseeching Heaven to send him fiery arguments wherewith to blast the stubborn. At the height of the Tichborne agitation, again, Mr. Gladstone sent for Sir John Coleridge, and implored him to state on his honor whether he believed the man to be an impostor, "because," said he, "I cannot make up my mind about it, and I dread to see any wrong done."

On saying that Mr. Gladstone is apt to lose his temper about little things, one must make a distinction. If Lord Beaconsfield had ordered a new hat for a certain hour and it did not come, he would get cross. Mr. Gladstone, in such a case, would be likely to put on his valet's head-dress if he found it hanging up in the hall. He never worries about domestic trifles. He is a tender father, a devoted husband, a true and good friend. His disinterest-



UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY SCHOONER "EAGLE," FORMERLY "MAWK."



edness about money matters is so great that he refused an augmentation of his salary whilst Prime Minister, and left office impoverished. He had to sell a goodly collection of china which he had amassed (for he is a connoisseur), and soon afterwards his library of books, which was bought back for him by Lord Wolverton. His readiness to succor all who appeal to his charity is only limited by his means, and he frequently returns from a country walk with his pockets cleaned out, thanks to his distributions of gold and silver among the sick or needy villagers. Some months ago he went out for a walk of about twelve miles, intending to return to Hawarden by train; but in the evening he found he had given away everything, and had not money left to pay for his ticket, so he trudged home on foot, arriving so late that his family had become uneasy. Mr. Gladstone does more than give money away, for he has often been known to go and read the Bible to tenants who were bedridden; and this mission of charity he has always discharged in the most natural, unostentatious fashion, even when he was Prime Minister, and had work enough to occupy all the moments of such a sturdy toiler as himself. He is, in truth, a most fervent Christian; and the explanation of much of what is wayward in his character may be found in his deep religiousness.

#### The Condition of Southern Russia.

A LIGHT is thrown upon the ruinous condition of Southern Russia by the arrival at St. Petersburg of delegates from the landowners of the provinces of Kharkoff, Toula, and Koursk to interview the Minister of the Interior with respect to the issue of an order to prohibit the banks from putting up mortgaged estates for sale. One of the members of the delegation states that two St. Petersburg banking houses sold up no less than 1,200 large estates in December, and 700 more during the first half of January. Some of these consisted of 200,000 acres, and scarcely any were under 1,500 in extent. The emancipation of the serfs, bad harvests, the cattle disease and the heavy taxation are the chief causes of the bankruptcy of the landowners, and the evil at present is so widespread that seventy per cent. of them are on the mortgage lists of the banks, and estates can be picked up in South Russia for a mere song—a shilling or eighteen pence the acre!—with the family mansion thrown in.

#### Where Limes are Grown.

THE little island of Montserrat, one of the most charming and salubrious of the British West Indian Colonies, with an area of but forty-seven square miles, or considerably less than that of London, contains the most extensive and best cultivated plantations of the lime-fruit tree in the world. These "orchards" are the development of a small plantation established but a quarter of a century ago, when the virtues of the juice of the lime-fruit were not so universally recognized as they are now, when for the captain of a ship to neglect to distribute among his crew their daily dose of lime-juice is to run the risk of heavy pecuniary penalties, to say nothing of serious outbreaks of scurvy. The cultivation of the plant, which involves a large outlay of capital, with no immediate return, was not at first attended with any commercial success, but the Montserrat Company now owns 600 acres of land, bearing 120,000 trees, from which a crop is gathered nearly all the year round, the heaviest harvest extending for three months, from September to January. The appearance of the trees—with their dark-green leaves growing thick and bushy, and relieved at one and the same time by the bright fruit in different stages of ripeness, from green to a rich, ruddy yellow, and by the fragrant white flowers, resembling orange-blossoms—is one of extreme beauty, and a lime-tree orchard is perhaps unequalled by any other similar plantation. The very leaves of the tree emit a delicious perfume, and are largely used in the West Indies for the purpose of scenting water for toilet and other purposes. The trees do not bear fruit till they are seven years old, and during that period they require careful attention and pruning; they are otherwise easy of cultivation, flourishing best in light soils near the sea. The production of fruit is very large; and the process of extracting the juice is easy, the fruit being simply sliced and pressed, and the juice at once placed in casks ready for exportation. A secondary product is citric acid, which is procured from the inferior fruit, and by subsequent manipulation of the refuse from the first process of squeezing.

#### The Milk of the Cow-tree.

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT remarks that among the many very wonderful natural phenomena which he had during his extensive travels witnessed, none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as the milk of a cow. The adult Indians would go each morning with their slaves from the village or station on the slope of the mountain chain bordering on Venezuela, where Humboldt was stopping, to a forest where they grew, and making some deep incisions into the trees, in less than two hours their vessels, placed under these incisions, would be full. All present would then partake of the milk, on which the slaves grew fat, and a quantity would be carried home to be given to the children and to be mixed with cassava and maize. The tree itself attains a height of from forty-five to sixty feet, has long alternate leaves, and was described by Linden as *Brosimum galactodendron*. The milk which flows from any wound made in the trunk is white and somewhat viscid; the flavor is very agreeable. Some time ago, on the occasion of M. Boussingault going to South America, he was requested to take every opportunity of investigating this subject. At Maracay the tree was first met with, and for more than a month its excellent qualities were daily tested in connection with coffee and chocolate; but there was no opportunity for a chemical analysis. Nor does such appear to have occurred till recently, when, amid the many curious things exhibited by the Venezuelan Government at the Paris Exhibition, there happened to be several flasks of this milk, and after a long period M. Boussingault has been enabled to complete his analysis of this substance, which is unique in the vegetable world. In a memoir laid before the Academy of France he gives a detailed analysis, and concludes by stating that this vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matter, but also sugar, casein, and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favor of the vegetable milk, and brings it up to the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will readily account for its great nutritive powers.

#### FUN.

A NARROW escape—A fire ladder.

COINS of vantage—Gold for paper.

"THAT'S a nice new suit you have on; what did you have to pay for it?" "Sixty dollars—and costs."

PEDESTRIAN (who has dropped half-a-crown in front of "the Blind"): "Why, you confounded humbug, you're not blind!" Beggar: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me a wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb!"

A LADY belonging to the Diet Mission recently visited a needy woman and found her sick. "What is it?" she kindly asked. Placing her hand on her heart, the woman said, "It's repudiation." "What?" queried the visitor. "Re-pu-dia-tion," pronounced the afflicted woman, "that's what the doctor said." And noticing the play of expression on her visitor's face, she hastened to add, "Tain't ketchin'!"

A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.—Mamma: "Papa dear, the children have been asked to the Willoughby Robinsons' on the 11th, the Howard Jones' on the 15th, and the Talbot Brownes' on the 21st. They'll be dreadfully disappointed if you don't let them go! May I write and accept, dear papa?" Dear Papa (savagely): "Oh, just as you please! But, as juvenile parties should always be taken in time, you had better write to Dr. Squills, too, and tell him to call on the 12th, 16th and 22d."

A FRUGAL lady up-town lately employed a washerwoman to come and do her washing. Hours passed, and the woman grew faint, but saw no sign of lunch. Finally she suggested that she could work with more spirit if she had something to eat. "You can have lunch by-and-by," replied her employer, "there's no hurry. Eating is only a practice, any way." "But," remonstrated the hungry washerwoman, "it is a practice that I've indulged in for upwards of fifty years, and I am too old to give it up now!"

A GENTLEMAN has a little boy who, on account of his mother being an invalid, has been under the especial care of his nurse. During the Summer, however, his mother went away for the season, taking the little boy and his grandmother. Being unused to receiving orders from his mother, he at one time rebelled, and she was obliged to punish him. To this he demurred, affirming that only the nurse had a right to punish him; and, going to his grandmother, he complained that his mother had struck him. "That was right," said she, "if you were naughty; she is your mother, and has a right to whip you if you don't behave well." The little fellow, sobbing, asked, "Have mothers a right to strike their children?" "Certainly," she replied. "Are you her mother?" he asked. "To be sure I am." "Well, then," cried he, "hit her!"

FLAVORING WHISKY.—An Irishman visiting Dublin for the first time went into a tavern and called for a glass of whisky. It was brought to him with a slice of lemon in it. Pat surveyed it for some minutes in wondering silence, and then, calling the waiter, said in a half-whisper, "What's that?" "Lemon, your honor," was the reply. "Sure, I know that," said Pat, who had never seen a lemon before in his life, "but what's it there for?" "To give it a flavor," answered the other. This was a wrinkle for Pat, who returned to his bog, and on the first occasion of entertaining his friends slipped a slice of potato into each man's whisky. "What's the meaning of that, at all?" inquired one of the company. "Don't you know it's to give it a flavor?" replied the host, affecting supreme contempt of the other's ignorance.

THE annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, presented herewith, shows a highly solvent and satisfactory condition of affairs. This corporation, the largest and soundest in the world, has grown to its present colossal proportions through a system of honest administrations founded upon correct business principles. The net assets of the Mutual show an increase during the last year of \$1,818,398, while the gross assets on the 1st of January of the current year amount to the enormous aggregate of \$87,127,614.52. The amount at risk has diminished slightly during the last year, while the surplus and guarantee fund now amount to almost four and a quarter million dollars, all of which is invested in the safest and most prudent investments. The company concedes to the general demand for lower prices, by leading the way in the reduction of premiums on all policies, both old and new, of fifteen per cent., a step which can not fail to increase its strength and business and enlarge its already ample security to its patrons.

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1,309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

#### SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

SOMEBODY'S child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face and an indescribable yearning to live and take an honored place in the world beside the companions of his youth. And somebody's mother is thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—when her heart and home will be left desolate—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's take this comforting word to the mother's hear, before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable, that men are living to-day, aged, robust men, whom the physicians pronounced incurable at the age of twenty-five, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a most efficient alternative for separating the scrofulous matter from the blood and lungs, and imparting strength to the system. It has cured hundreds of consumptives.

#### A NOTABLE OPERATION IN STOCKS.

LAST month, twenty-five prominent business men formed a mutual capital of fifty thousand dollars for Stock operations in New York. Each one contributed two thousand dollars, and operations were conducted thirty days, at which time they were promptly closed, according to first agreement. Each gentleman received \$25,650.85 for his share, while the brokers who manipulated the pool made over \$20,000 for buying and selling the stocks, showing that every one connected with the operation was mutually benefited by being associated with the others. The Bankers and Brokers who did this business were Messrs. ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Nos. 26 and 28 Broad Street, New York. By the Mutual Capitalization system of stock operations, they receive investments as low as \$50 or \$100, up to \$15,000 or \$25,000, thus securing to all patrons the advantages of largest capital and best skill. \$50 makes \$350 profit; \$250 returns \$2,500, and so on, as the market moves. Their new circular has the unfailing "Rules for Success" in stock operations, which are absolutely of first importance to all operators. They are large dealers in all classes of securities, and especially Government Bonds. Address, ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Bankers, 26 and 28 Broad Street, New York.

#### THURBER'S RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,  
Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products,  
New York.

THE Kentucky Commonwealth Distribution Company announces its eighth regular allotment of prizes on the 31st inst. The regularity and success of the award of prizes is the most satisfactory evidence of the correct business principles on which the company is managed.

PARTIES arriving at the Grand Central Depot in New York City will find a stage awaiting them on their arrival to convey them direct to the St. Nicholas Hotel; Mr. Welch, the energetic proprietor of that popular house, having made arrangements with the Madison Avenue stage line to have omnibuses ready at the depot on arrival of all trains for direct transfer to the St. NICHOLAS. The fare is only five cents.

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MEN'SMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York.

TO THOSE out of employment and to agents, Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., offer great inducements. Read their advertisement.

NEARLY five acres of woodwork in the two immense drygoods stores of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. of this city are protected with H. W. Johns' Asbestos Fire-Proof Paint. H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, are sole manufacturers of genuine Asbestos Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, etc.

EASY SHOES.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EUGENE FERRIS & SON, No. 81 Nassau Street, West Side.

#### GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the Civil Service Gazette.

Sold only in soldered tins, labeled  
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists,  
London, England.

Delicious. Economical.

#### EAST INDIAN MANIOCA

Is healthful, easily digested, and unlike any other article of diet. Once used for puddings, Griddle Cakes, Jellies, Blanc Mange or Soup, it will never be discontinued. Sold by first-class Grocers everywhere, and wholesale by

SMITH & VANDERBEEK,  
45 & 47 Park Place, New York.

#### \$2,250,000! ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING, Havana, Cuba, April 8th, 1879. Drawing positive; never postponed. ONLY 15,000 TICKETS ISSUED. Prizes amounting to \$2,250,000 distributed.

1st CAPITAL PRIZE.....\$1,000,000  
2d PRIZE.....200,000  
3d PRIZE.....100,000  
4th PRIZE.....50,000  
5th PRIZE.....25,000  
6th PRIZE.....10,000 EACH.....80,000  
7th PRIZES, 5,000 EACH.....40,000  
8th PRIZES, 1,000 EACH.....674,000  
722 PRIZES, amounting to (Spanish dollars)... 2,250,000  
Tickets, \$200; Halves, \$100; Quarters, \$50; Eighths, \$25; Tenths, \$20; Twentieths, \$10; Fortieths, \$5.  
Full particulars sent free. Prizes cashed. Liberal discount to clubs. Address,

J. DUFF & CO., Bankers,  
42 Nassau St. (cor. Liberty), New York.  
Royal Havana Lottery.  
Cable Dispatch—HAVANA, Jan. 25.  
To J. Duff & Co., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York:—Ticket No. 2,118 (Class 1,031), held by your firm, has drawn the second capital prize of 50,000 Spanish dollars. The above ticket sold in New York by J. DUFF & CO., Bankers, 42 Nassau St., New York.

#### BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

The loss of memory, the nervous and exhausted feeling, the dissatisfaction with the result of one's labors, the dull unrefreshed sleep, the want of appetite and neuralgia, are simply the brain and nerves calling for their necessary food. Vitalized Phosphates restore lost energy in all weaknesses of mind or body, relieve debility and nervousness and prevent consumption. Physicians have prescribed 160,000 packages.

F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.  
For sale by Druggists.

## \$30,000 FOR \$2

IN THE  
Extraordinary Drawing  
KENTUCKY STATE LOTTERY,  
March 26th, 1879.

Don't overlook the opportunity.  
Some one must be the lucky winner, and why not you?

SCHEME:  
1 Prize of \$30,000 is.....\$30,000  
1 Prize of 15,000 is.....15,000  
1 Prize of 5,000 is.....5,000  
2 Prizes of 2,000 are.....4,000  
2 Prizes of 1,500 are.....3,000  
5 Prizes of 1,000 are.....5,000  
50 Prizes of 200 are.....10,000  
100 Prizes of 100 are.....10,000  
200 Prizes of 50 are.....10,000  
500 Prizes of 20 are.....10,000  
1027 Other Prizes amounting to.....15,400

1,889 WHOLE TICKETS \$2. \$117,400

Club Rates upon application.

All the above prizes will be drawn at this drawing.

The following numbers drew the first three prizes in the ordinary drawing of February 6th:  
No. 66,464 drew \$15,000.

SOLD IN PHILADELPHIA.  
No. 48,998 drew \$5,000.

SOLD IN ST. LOUIS.  
No. 54,306 drew \$5,000.

SOLD IN CHICAGO.

This lottery has been in existence over 50 years, and no drawing has ever been postponed even for a single day.

SIMMONS & DICKINSON, Managers,  
Covington, Ky.  
Address all orders to our General Eastern Agents,  
WILLIAMSON & CO., 599 Broadway, New York.

Send in orders without delay, as in the last Extraordinary Drawing we were unable to supply the demand. Correspondence private. List of drawings published in the New York Herald, Staats Zeitung and Louisville Commercial. All out-of-town ticket holders are mailed a copy of the official list as soon as received.

\$10 to \$1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.  
Address, BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HABRICH & CO., 165 & 167 Broadway.

PIANOS \$140 to \$400—factory prices—highest honors—Mathushek's scale for squares—best up-rights in America—12,000 in use—Pianos sent on trial—Catalogue free. MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO., 21 E. 15th Street, N. Y.

HAPPY VOICES. (Copyrighted.)

Now glad, happy voices,  
Like sweet Sabbath bells,  
O'er the hills and the valleys  
The glad story tells.

Of the Star Parlor Organ Co., Washington, New Jersey.

They manufacture the finest organ for the least money of any factory in the United States. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay. Write to them.

## H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.  
H. W. JOHNS M'FG CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

#### "AT A WAKE!"

An Irish girl had a tooth drawn with Laughing Gas at Dr. Colton's, and on recovering exclaimed: "Way, I thought I was at a wake!" Office, 19 Cooper Institute, New York City.

#### FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH

We will insert a seven-line advertisement one week in a list of 269 weekly newspapers, or four lines in a different list of 337 papers, or ten lines two weeks in a choice of either of four separate and distinct lists containing from 70 to 100 papers each, or four lines one week in all four of the small lists, or one line one week in all six lists combined, being more than 1,600 papers. We also have lists of papers by States throughout the United States and Canada. Send 10 cents for our 100-page pamphlet. Address GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

SLIPPERY ELM  
LOZENGES  
All Others Counterfeit.  
The best Lozenges in the world for coughs, throat, and voice. For sale by all druggists. Send 25c, and get a box by mail.

CASWELL & CO., Boston.

#### \$5 for 30 Cents!

We will send to each reader of this paper, for 30 cts. in cash or stamps, a genuine French Oil Chromo.

#### CANARIES & JEWELS!

This elegant little picture is 12 by 16 inches, and is printed in sixteen (16) colors. (Copies of this same edition have sold for \$5.00). This picture could not be reproduced and sold for anything like the price we ask for it, and we only make this extraordinary offer in order to close out balance of a large edition. Address,

QUAKER CITY CHROMO CO.,  
1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



## KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS.

MADE TO MEASURE.

The very best that can be produced at any price, 6 for \$9.  
PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE DRESS SHIRTS.

The very best that can be produced at any price, 6 for \$7.  
Easily finished by any little girl.

KEEP'S GINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

The very best Patent, Protected Ribs, fifty per cent.  
stronger than any other umbrellas made, \$1 each.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES FOR GENTS.

THE VERY BEST.

Plain or Embroidered, \$1 a pair.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR

IN ALL STYLES.

Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Ties, Etc.

All Goods warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Sam-  
ples and Circulars mailed free.

Shirts only delivered free.

Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars, on  
application, as we are prepared to furnish the trade on  
the most favorable terms.

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

631, 633, 635 & 637 Broadway, New York.

We refer, by permission, to publishers of this paper.

Best Sewing Machine in the World.

Beautiful, Swift,  
Durable, Simple,  
Strong, Light,  
Silent, Easy.



## AUTOMATIC

NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE.

The great popularity of this machine has induced  
dealers in common tension machines to claim automatic  
and other features belonging exclusively to us. Examine  
and judge for yourself before purchasing.

[W.E.G.] Every genuine needle is thus stamped. Buy  
Pat. Mar. 19, 1861. no other. Needles, &c., sent by mail.

Send for Illustrated Leaflet and Descriptive Circular.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.,

(Cor. Bond St.) 658 Broadway, New York.

WITH

## FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN

100 Florins Vienna City Government  
Bond,

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government,  
and are redeemed in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY

Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or  
smaller Premium. Every bond must draw a Prize, as  
there are no blanks. The three highest Prizes amount to

200,000 FLORINS,

50,000 FLORINS,

30,000 FLORINS,

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must  
draw a premium of not less than 130 FLORINS.

The next drawing takes place on the

1st of APRIL, 1879.

And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of  
April is entitled to the whole premium that  
may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and  
enclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next  
drawing.

For orders, circulars, or any other information,  
address:

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

185 Chatham Square Bank Building, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in the  
English FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

CHAMPLIN'S

## LIQUID PEARL

An Unequaled Toilet Preparation.

Restores, Preserves and Beautifies the Complexion.  
Used and endorsed by Mrs. SCOTT-SIMPSON, CLARA LOUISE  
KELLOGG, LOTT, JANUSCHKE, and hundreds of others.  
Contains nothing that will injure the most delicate skin.  
Sold by all druggists, 50 cents per bottle.

CHAMPLIN & CO., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's

## CHIMNEY CORNER.

The Most Popular Illustrated Family  
Paper.

The SUCCESSFUL RIVAL of ALL THE WEEKLIES  
for THIRTEEN YEARS past.

The CHIMNEY CORNER presents a constant  
succession of brilliant attractions.

The Best Writers in the country contribute to its  
columns; and new serial stories of the most absorbing  
interest, of great power, true to life, and embracing a  
wide range of subjects, are constantly appearing.

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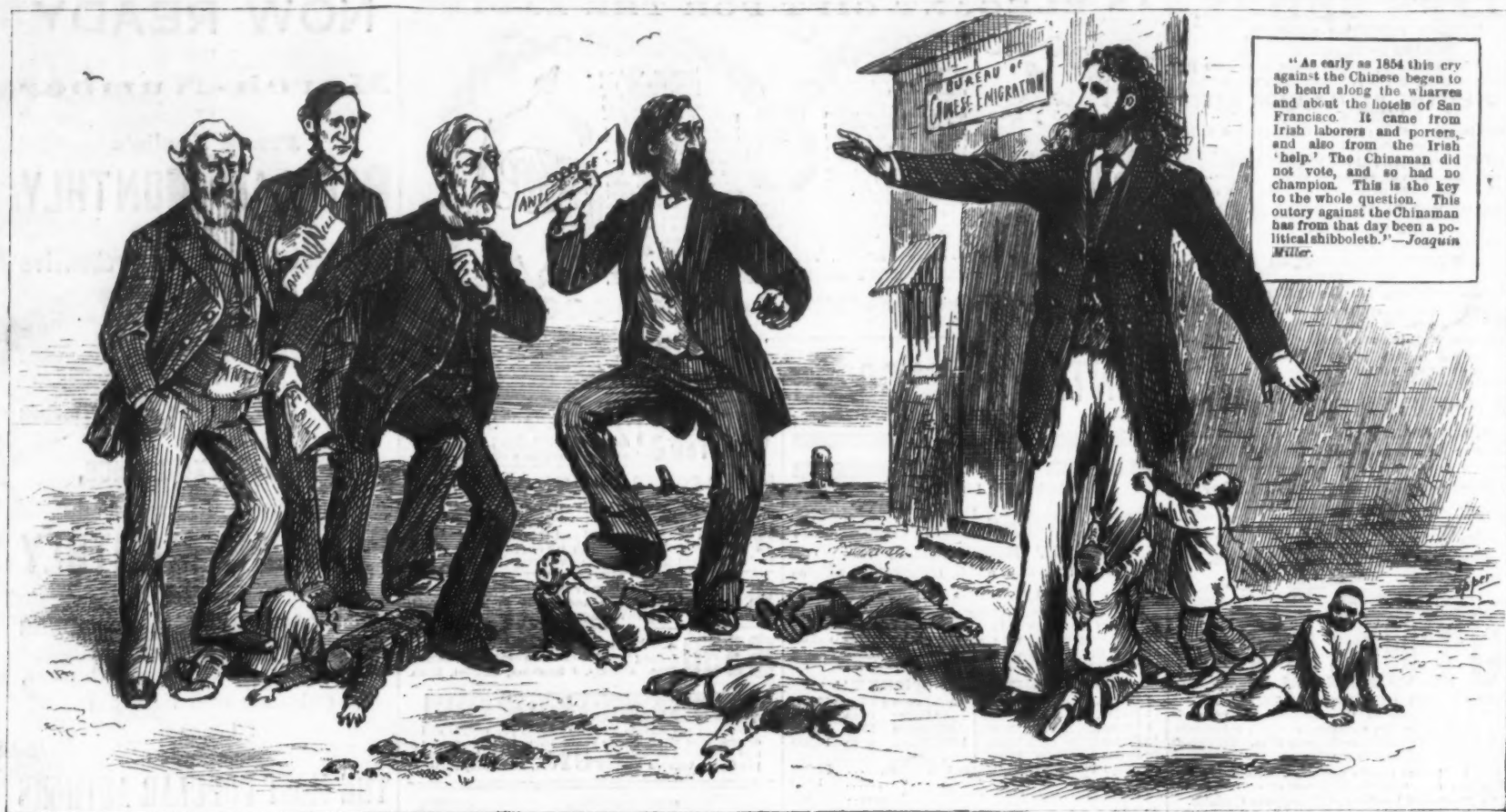
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## STATEMENT OF THE Mutual Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1878.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1878.	\$82,355,678.27	Assets, January 1st, 1879.	
<b>Receipts for 1878.</b>		Bonds secured by Mortgages on Real Estate.	\$57,368,331.99
From Premiums.	\$13,092,719.83	United States and other Stocks (cost value).	17,338,175.18
From Interest and Rents.	4,752,407.74	Real Estate.	6,319,051.73
<b>TOTAL.</b>	<b>\$100,200,806.84</b>	Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest.	3,100,516.10
<b>Disbursements for 1878.</b>		Balances due by Agents.	53,001.42
For Death and Endowment Claims (matured and discounted).	\$6,608,713.22	<b>NET ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1879.</b>	<b>\$84,174,076.42</b>
For Annuities.	26,697.97	Add	
For Dividends.	3,555,462.00	Interest Accrued.	\$1,485,754.00
For Surrendered Policies and Additions.	4,214,158.94	Deferred Premiums.	836,517.15
For Contingent Guarantee Account.	277,101.09	Premiums in Transit.	129,272.58
For Commissions (payment of current & extinguishment of future).	532,496.63	Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost.	502,694.37
For Expenses and Taxes.	\$17,099.57	<b>Gross Assets, Jan 1st, 1879.</b>	<b>\$87,127,614.52</b>
<b>BALANCE JANUARY 1st, 1879.</b>	<b>\$84,174,076.42</b>	<b>Liabilities, Jan 1st, 1879.</b>	<b>\$2,878,235.80</b>
Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1879.	91,828	<b>SURPLUS &amp; CONTINGENT GUARANTEE FUND.</b>	<b>\$4,240,378.72</b>
Sum Insured thereby.	\$290,774,315.00		

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent. interest be used, the Surplus is \$11,395,553.30. From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a Dividend will be apportioned to each policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1879.

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